

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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A NEW GATE FOR OLD LONDON

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WHAT AN OLD MAN KNEW

THE CHURCH THAT WAS LOST

A Curious Legend that Proved to be True

GOOD SPADE WORK IN HAMPSHIRE

A delightful discovery has just been made in Hampshire.

Brown Candover and Chilton Candover are two villages, but about fifty years ago they were made into one parish and the church at Chilton Candover was pulled down. Nothing was left except a green hill and a few graves, for even the materials of the church were taken away.

But a villager of 80 told the rector that Chilton still had a church. Under the hill was buried an old church, far older than the one pulled down. It had never been destroyed, but only buried to make room for the other.

What the Rector Found

It sounded an absurd story, for the church which was pulled down was assumed to be of twelfth-century date. But the rector decided to test it, and with his son started to dig upon the site.

After some strenuous work they came upon a flint wall and tiny lancet windows of worked stone. Now they toiled with a will, and at the western end of the site they unearthed a round arch doorway of worked stone. When at last they were able to enter it they found a perfect little building 30 feet long by 11 feet broad, with walls of flint laid in mortar herring-bone fashion and a roof of the same material. The nave and chancel were separated by a flint wall with a round stone arch. When another and larger church was built the roof of the old one had been used to support the new floor.

News of this remarkable discovery brought archaeologists to the village, but they are not yet agreed whether the church is Roman, Saxon, or Norman. Sir Charles Close is inclined to think it far older than the Conquest.

Tales of the Buried Church

At Silchester were unearthed the foundations of a building which is supposed to have been an early Christian basilica, and the plan closely resembles the Candover church in many ways. It may be that this tiny church was built in Roman times, when Christians were few in number in these islands and a 30-foot church was large enough.

It is lucky indeed that mothers have told their children tales of the buried church all down the ages, and that the present rector, Rev. E. P. Gough, did not dismiss the tale as a legend. For, even if the experts disagree about its exact date, they all agree that the little church is very ancient and of the greatest interest to lovers of the past.

Preparing for Summer Seas



Steamer trips down the Thames to Margate and Ramsgate are very popular with Londoners. Here we see sailors of the steamship *London Belle* giving the funnel a new coat of paint in readiness for the summer season.

DANIEL SWEEPS UNDER THE CUPBOARD

One of the things most necessary for white men who live for long periods far from their homeland, among men whose knowledge of the white man's ways is small, is that the natural working of the mind of the coloured man should be studied sympathetically.

Here is an instance of such study that reaches us in a letter from the Belgian Congo, showing that fair play is recognised as a jewel as clearly there as here.

MOMBAYA, of the Bantu race (says our correspondent), is my house-boy, cook, and valet. He lives naturally among the wild things of Earth, knows the voices of nearly all wild things, and can imitate most of them.

I have christened him Daniel. The sparks of thought and inquiry are kindling in his brain, and his sense of justice is remarkable. What follows will show the process.

Some weeks ago I bought a beautiful wooden ornament which I hoped to take with me eventually to England. One day, however, Daniel came to me with the carving in his hands broken into pieces. Then came this conversation,

"How did that happen, Daniel?"

"White man, you put it on the top of the cupboard, didn't you?"

"Yes; and you've knocked it off. When did that happen?"

"Three days ago."

"And why did you not tell me at the time?"

"Me? I said to me, If I were to tell white man of that he would make a great talk with Daniel."

"But why do you tell me now?"

"I said to me, If I don't tell white man, he will make much talk with me." "All right; you've got to pay for it. I shall stop 30 francs out of your pay at the end of the month."

"Why say you I pay 30 francs?"

"You broke it, and I gave the man who made it 30 francs for it."

"White man, that's not fair."

"Why isn't it fair?"

"When I sweep the room, and no sweep under the cupboard, you say Daniel lazy good-for-nothing. When I sweep the floor under the cupboard and the ornament fall down and break, you say Daniel pay 30 francs. White man, that's not fair."

SEEING THE WORLD

MISS RACHEL GILLIAS FROM ST. KILDA

A Traveller Who Had Never Seen a Tree

CHRISTMAS LETTERS IN MARCH

We hear from time to time of rare people who have never seen trains; there once came to the Editor's house a servant who arrived in the first she had seen.

Now we hear of a young lady who until the other day had never seen a tree or a horse or a taxi. She is Rachel Gillias, and her home is the island of St. Kilda, in the North Atlantic Ocean.

There is one thing Miss Gillias knows a great deal about, and that is the sea. You cannot teach her much about the sea. You cannot teach her much about scones, either, barley scones, mealy scones, treacle scones, and what English people call Scotch scones, for there are times when the folk of St. Kilda have to live on scones. There are times when the island is cut off for three months, when the people only get their Christmas letters in March.

A Tremendous Event

Miss Gillias knows a great deal about the art of living too, about being kind and charitable to your neighbours when there is only a handful and you get tired of their ways.

It is a great pity that Miss Gillias cannot speak English, except for a word or two, as unfortunately we cannot speak Gaelic. We should very much like to know what she thinks about this amazing place, the world. She came in a fishing steamer to Fleetwood, with two other islanders, the missionary's wife, and a native of St. Kilda. It was a tremendous event.

She was prepared for a little, for the missionary's wife has a two-valve wireless set and can pick up news. We can imagine her expectations as the Lancashire coast drew nearer and the magic moment came for landing.

Glorious Memories

The captain of the fishing-smack hailed a taxi and took his passengers to his house. The girl's journey of exploration began. She was presently taken through Blackpool and St. Annes, and there were plenty of friends to point out and explain. Presently she will be going back to St. Kilda, and we hope that after seeing the great world she will still be happy in the little island with the sea and the winds and the sea-birds.

She will once more hear nothing but what comes over on the two-valve set. There will be long spells when no fresh meat or vegetables can be had, for green things will not grow on St. Kilda. But she will have glorious memories while she goes about the house, and the children of the island will look up to her as the Plymouth boys looked on Francis Drake when he returned home from the other end of the world.

MUST THIS GOOD THING DIE?

THE CHILDREN'S LITTLE THEATRE

Sowing the Seeds of the Love of Good Acting

LONDON'S SMALLEST PLAYHOUSE

By Our Art Correspondent

I have just been to the Children's Theatre. If London had only known how delightful it was I should have had to stand for hours in a queue, and then I might not have got in, for this theatre only seats 120.

The thing that surprised and delighted me most in this joyous entertainment was the appearance of the men. I expected the beautiful young ladies, and it has often happened on the stage that young ladies have taken young men's parts. The men acting at the Children's Theatre were so powerful and grand, and their voices boomed so on the tiny stage, that if one had had any fear it was going to be a namby-pamby show the first man who strode on to the boards would have dispelled it.

Effective Realism

They filled the hall with their delightful, swaggering presence. When the Pirates on the High Coast of Barbary appeared you felt you had never been to a theatre before. They were four men singing together in a sea shanty, and acting to it, with the mock ships rocking up and down. No wonder the children in the theatre scarcely breathed.

There were Cavaliers and Roundheads; Red Indians and distressed ladies; swords and tomahawks and gallant rescues; a puppet show in Tuscany; and some charming folk-songs in costume. The show started at quarter to six and finished at seven, and a child could have all that joy for threepence or sixpence. Grown-ups had to pay double, which is quite right.

Training in Good Taste

I saw the play after a meeting which had been called at the Children's Theatre by an S.O.S. from the courageous promoters of it, for this most delightful theatre, the only one of its kind in London, is not paying its way because *there are not enough people who know about it*. The only way to put it on a sound footing is for the grown-up seats to be filled as well as the children's cheaper ones.

Some of the most famous actors in England were at that meeting, men and women who have made English literature newly-beloved by people who had forgotten how glorious it is. They love the Children's Theatre because it offers that same English literature and song made happy and lovable for young people. They know quite well that if school boys and girls in London go to this theatre they will instinctively go to good theatres when they grow up, because they will not be able to endure bad ones.

Best Seats for Children

It was with this ideal that the Children's Theatre was started in August last year. The promoters do not want to beg. They would like people who can afford it to buy a number of tickets for the coming programme, which opens on May 19, and then they would be rid of the anxiety as to ways and means. But the best seats are to be kept for the children, children of poor homes who save up their pennies till they can afford to go.

C.N. readers who like to send a post-card to the Manager, Children's Theatre, Endell St., London, W.C.2., will learn all about this fine place, and we hope many of them will go to see it. They will not be sorry, and they will help to keep one more good thing alive.

THE SCOUT WHO KNOWS WHAT TO DO

How to Get Down a Well and Up Again

A TORONTO GOOD TURN

Boy Scouts must not only do kind acts; they must do resourceful ones. Jack Trussell of Toronto acted up to both these traditions, and did a brave thing at the same time.

A baby fell down a well in the backyard. Nobody knew what to do except Jack, who was in the house and rose to the occasion like a Scout. He seized a clothes-prop and thrust it down the well. Down it he slid till he came to the surface of the water.

The well was not very wide. Jack was able to wedge his shoulders against one side and brace his feet against the other. Thus propped, though not very securely, he was able to clutch the baby's clothes as they floated on the surface. Even now he was not in a strong position, but he was not the sort of Scout to leave a thing undone. He clutched the baby to him with one hand, and got his teeth into its clothes. With this double grip he managed, though with great difficulty, to struggle up the side of the well with the aid of the clothes-prop.

When he got to the surface again and gave the baby to its mother he was thanked in a way to make a Boy Scout blush. It is supposed in Toronto that when the baby is a little older it will join the Wolf Cubs.

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH

Hero of the Gold Mines
EDWARD MEDAL ON THE RAND

A miner of the Rand gold mines, Coert van Straate, wears the King Edward Medal for gallantry, winning it for a deed like those for which the Victoria Cross is given.

Van Straate's brave act was done in no heat of battle, but was entered on in the darkness of a mine during an ordinary day's work.

Near where he was working a bag of explosives began to burn, not exploding but throwing out clouds of ascending poisonous fumes. It was open to him to retreat to a place of safety. He did not think of his own safety but of the peril of those in the higher working levels.

The poisonous fumes would ascend to them, it was their lives which would be endangered, not his. He saw their peril, and he knew only one way to rescue them. He took it.

He started at a run past the burning explosives. Their fumes enveloped him and half choked him, but he staggered on, up and up, till he reached the miners of the higher level. He warned the workers there, and, though sick and giddy with the fumes he had passed through, fetched up the native miners from the inner workings.

Then, marshalling the party he had rescued together, he conducted them to the surface. Only the miners can know what risk he ran and what they owe to his cool bravery.

A PRESENT FOR DR. NANSEN

The boys of Bembridge School, in the Isle of Wight, have made a wooden model, eight feet square, to illustrate Dr. Nansen's expedition to the North Pole in the Fram more than thirty years ago, and have presented the model to Dr. Nansen at Oslo.

EBENEZER HOWARD'S GREAT IDEA

Founder of Garden Cities

A GOOD MAN'S GOOD WORK

By the death of Sir Ebenezer Howard, the founder of garden cities and of town-planning, the world loses a genuine reformer and a splendid citizen.

The time is not far distant when the grouped planning of the habitations of men on a scale generous, far-sighted, and scientific will seem commonplace, but mankind will be ungenerous if it does not remember Ebenezer Howard as the man who forced the idea on the public, and carried it out practically.

Widespread Influence

Great firms like the Cadburys and Levers have solved the housing problem for their own workpeople, but Ebenezer Howard gave the general public the hope and the possibility of homes which combined many of the advantages of town and city. Letchworth and Welwyn Garden City are his most concrete memorials, but the influence of his work was also felt throughout the country.

He was not the kind of man, judging by his ordinary daily work, to alter a nation's idea of house-building and of living in communities. Professionally he was an expert shorthand writer, busy reporting the talk of Parliament. But his interests had a wide and wise range, and he always tried to give them a constructive form. He believed, for example, that he had produced a short-hand writing machine.

A New Manner of Living

His natural bent toward social work of the kind that brings men nearer together in feeling and common enjoyments led him to study the town-building question. He had no backing of wealth, but he had ideas, persistence in his purposes, and a spirit of friendliness which wooed for him a hearing that could not be commanded by more powerful but less amiable men. The outcome of his life is of almost national concern, for he brought a new manner of living into being. Men are no longer contented to be herded together in their homes like cattle in market-pens.

The knighting of Ebenezer Howard a year ago at the age of 77 was one of the best examples of public honour for genuine public service. All who knew him will remember him as one who did a very considerable work of wide interest in a spirit of resistless amiability.

WOMAN FLYING ALONE

Lady Bailey's Great Tour

Lady Bailey, wife of Sir Abe Bailey, the South African millionaire, has made a new air record.

She has flown a Moth aeroplane from London to Cape Town, travelling most of the way alone.

Four R.A.F. seaplanes escorted her for a hundred miles from Malta, and Lieutenant Bentley accompanied her across the Sudan. That was because the local authorities would not allow her to do this part of the trip alone. They even locked up her machine at Aboukir till an escort from Khartoum was assured.

Her great adventure was a crash at Tabora, on the Tanganyika tableland. The Tabora aerodrome is 4000 feet above sea-level, and Lady Bailey forgot to make allowance for the rarefied air. The thin air let her down and her machine was smashed, though she was not hurt.

Lady Bailey had great receptions at Pretoria and Johannesburg, and again at Cape Town, where an anxious husband awaited her.

A NEW PEN FOR OLD STOW

What He Did With His Quill

FAMOUS HISTORIAN WHO BEGGED FOR BREAD

London has just been saying Thank-you to old John Stow and putting a new quill pen in his hand where he sits at his desk in the church of St. Andrew Undershaft in the City.

There are a group of men to whom England owes a great debt, men like Richard Hakluyt, who collected records of sea voyages and set them down for the first time; men like John Stow, who collected records of London and England and set them down. Without historians like these where should we be? They keep our memories for us, and often our consciences, lest we forget what we owe to the past.

A Farm in the Minories

Thousands of people as the summer comes on will drift into that quiet church out of the roar of Leadenhall Street and see John there, and think of all he wrote with his quill pen when he was alive in London. It was John's widow, Elizabeth, who put the terracotta effigy in the church about 320 years ago, and had it beautifully painted. There was no man in the City in that day who did not go to look at it, and think how like old John it was.

The City thought a great deal of John before he died. They were intensely proud of him, the poor tailor turned chronicler, poor all his life because he spent his money on his ideals. The old men told how they had often seen John as a little boy fetching milk for breakfast from a farm in the Minories.

John was brought up a tailor, and he died a member of the Merchant Taylors Company, but while he was still a young man his chosen work called him, and he set aside "his own peculiar gains." From about 1560, when he was 35, to the end in 1605, he spent his chief strength, and all his income, on getting together historical and ancient records of England, some in manuscript, some in print, revising and rewriting them.

A Great Survey

He was a painstaking and accurate scholar, a born antiquary. He was the friend of all the scholars of his day, for, in spite of John's zeal and the great enthusiasm for history which led him to spend as much as £200 a year (a great sum then) on his collections, he was a cheerful soul and excellent company.

The crowning labour of his life was his great Survey of London. When that busy hand had written finis to that labour of love and genius John's work was done. He could lay his quill down. It is strange to remember in these days that this famous old man, in recognition of the great work he had done, was permitted, not to visit the king in his palace, but to be a *licensed beggar in the streets*.

Every year the Lord Mayor of London remembers good John Stow, and puts a new quill in his hand, lest we should forget all he did for England. *Picture on page 7*

THINGS SAID

Noise is wearing us out. *The Times*

Our identity will continue for ever.

Sir Oliver Lodge

It has been said this is a Christian country; I wish to God it were.

The Bishop of Durham

I see such awful things at the Royal Academy, and I think: "Well, I can do better than that." *The Chief Scout*

One of our judges told me the percentage of convictions had risen slightly since women were admitted on juries.

Dean Inge

BIG PROBLEMS OF U.S.A.

DIFFICULTIES OF OUR AMERICAN COUSINS

The African of Other Days and the Europeans of Today

TRAGEDY OF THE FLOODS

British people sometimes wonder why the American people, as a whole, do not show more sympathy with them in their task of governing wisely the greatest Commonwealth of English-speaking States in the world.

The ideals of both countries are more nearly alike than those of any of the other Great Powers. But do we sympathise with the Republic in its tasks of government as much as we might? It has great problems of its own.

The Mixture of Races

Look at three of those problems. First there is the double problem of the mixture of races that is creating the American manhood of the future, and may in centuries to come alter considerably the type of man who will inhabit the land.

Originally the white population of the States was almost entirely British, French, Spanish, and Dutch, but chiefly British. Now almost every race on Earth has poured in, and the dilution of the North European, or Nordic, blood has been very rapid. The Republic is taking steps to prevent the further impoverishment of the race, and with that movement the British people ought to sympathise.

Problem of the Negro

Then there is the standing problem of the African races left in the country from the days of slavery. How serious that is may be seen in the annual report of the Commission on Interracial Co-operation which has its headquarters in Georgia. This Commission has as its aim the gradual elevation of the Negro population, while admitting that grouping according to race will continue. It would give the white and black races equal justice as citizens.

The report does not hide or evade the stubbornness of existing evils. Last year there was a diminution of lynching of Negroes in the Southern States. The number fell by almost one-half. Yet even then one Negro was lynched (that is, killed by a mob without a trial) every three weeks. Where the Negro population is not dense there is much improvement, and there is a considerable movement of Negroes northward.

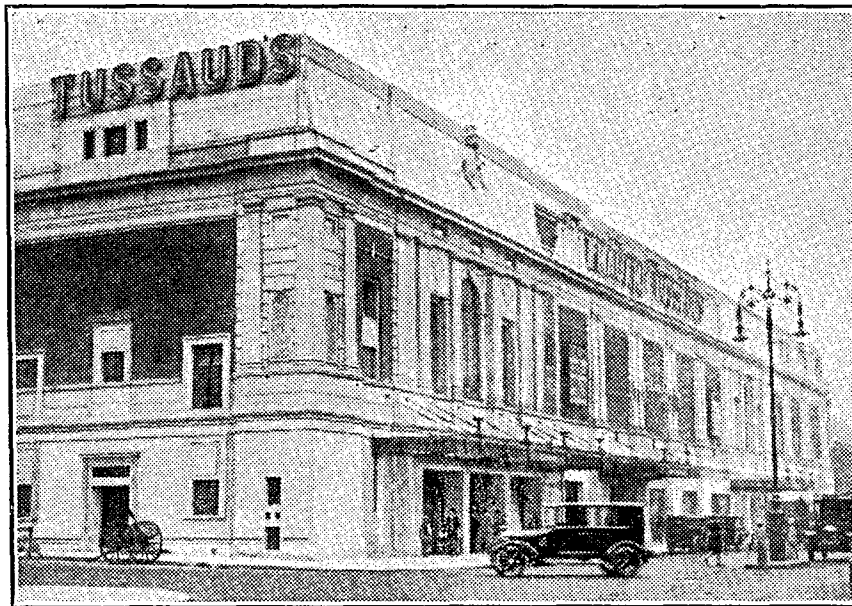
The Great Flood Question

Again, though the advancement of Negro education is of great importance the difference between the money spent on each black and each white child is remarkable. In Alabama 26 dollars are expended on the schooling of each white child, and only four on each Negro.

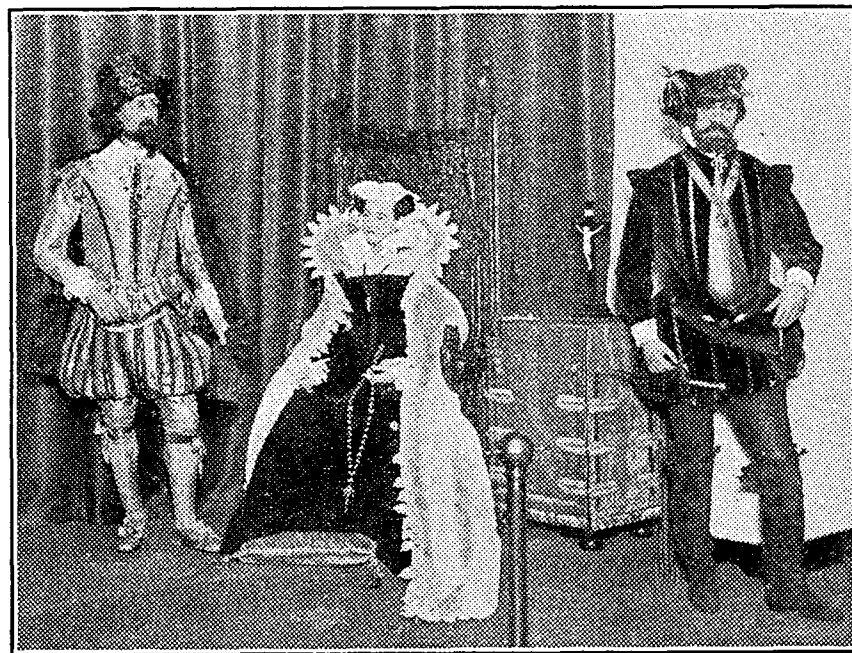
Another subject which should draw forth our interest and sympathy for America is her problem of floods. We have no such problem. The great Mississippi floods of last year drove 700,000 people from their homes, inundated 18,000 square miles, and drowned 1,500,000 farm animals. And the problem of prevention is enormous. It involves many tributary rivers and a thousand miles of the main river course, and it affects many States from which and through which the water passes. How far control should be undertaken by the whole country and how far by the separate States is a most difficult question that can only be settled by great engineering skill and by wise agreement between different authorities.

All these are questions of which it is well we should know enough to make us sympathise with the other branch of English-speaking people whose influence on the world is very similar to that of our British League of Nations.

AN OLD FRIEND BACK AGAIN



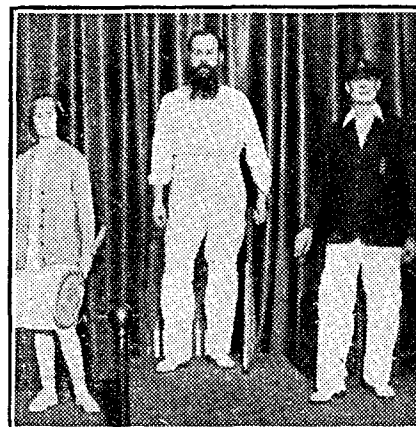
The new Madame Tussaud's which has risen from the ashes of the old



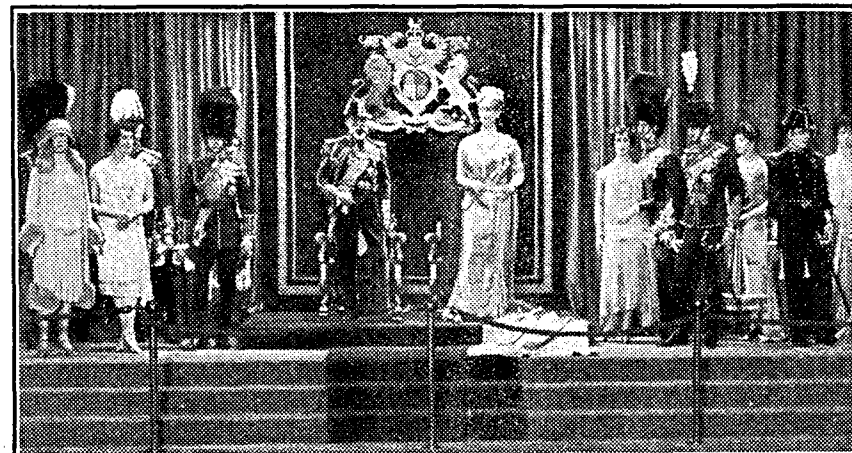
James the First, Mary Queen of Scots, and the Regent Moray



Famous figures in French history



Mlle. Lenglen, W. G. Grace, and Jack Hobbs



The King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family

With the burning down of Madame Tussaud's three years ago most children must have feared that the end had come of the great show which had been so popular for a hundred years. There has now been opened, however, a fine new Tussaud House in place of the old one, and it contains a wonderful collection of waxwork figures of historical and general interest. Some of them we give above.

WONDERFUL TALE OF A BOOK

KEY TO A LOST LANGUAGE

The Great Etruscan Lady Who Died 2000 Years Ago

AND THE SECRET BURIED WITH HER

The hope that Professor Trombetti of Florence would be able to reveal some of the secrets of the long-lost language of the Etruscans has not been falsified. He has been telling a congress of masters of languages an enthralling story.

He has added twenty years of labour to the two centuries of study that went before, and at last we do know something of the mysterious speech in which the proud Tarquins issued their edicts to Rome.

Two thousand years ago there existed a great Etruscan lady and a great Etruscan book. The lady died in Egypt, and something was wanted for wrapping round her mummy. The great book had pages of linen, and the volume was destroyed in order that its pages might be used to enclose the remains of the dead lady.

The Master-Key Found

The body, the book, Etruscan culture, and the Etruscan race all vanished. For two thousand years that Egyptian grave kept its secret. Then, like the grave of a long-lost Pharaoh, it was brought to light by some happy chance, and the mummy was removed to a museum. Upon it still were the wrappings of the old book, which now, after twenty centuries of oblivion, came forth to surrender its secrets to Professor Trombetti.

Piecing together all the scattered clues he had been able to collect he found the master-key here, and was able to read the whole. The book tells us of an Etruscan creed, for here we have the story of a meal laid out for certain gods. It also contains a litany, and there is a list of the magistrates of the period. Further, we have an Etruscan calendar recording the dates of festivals and days of sacrifice.

Romance Rivaling Fiction

Professor Trombetti confirms the theory already outlined in the C.N. as to the probable origin of the Etruscan people, and emphasises afresh the wonder that the civilisation of this wonderful people should, like that of the Mayas in South America, have become extinct.

That so rich a contribution to knowledge on the subject should rise in eloquent shreds from the silent tomb is a romance rivaling fiction. It does not stand quite alone. Some of the most important gifts to our modern knowledge of Egypt have come from papyri discovered in Egyptian tombs. It was from the tomb that we first learned of the exquisite care and accuracy with which the old Egyptians worked.

CAPE-TO-CAIRO MOTORWAY

A Great Summer Ride

Cecil Rhodes's dream of a Cape-to-Cairo railway remains still a dream. Railways do cover an immense portion of the distance, but big gaps have to be filled by road or river travel.

A Cape-to-Cairo roadway, on the other hand, is an accomplished fact. The secretary of the Royal East African Automobile Association says tourists are using it in ever-increasing numbers, but he recommends it only between July and the beginning of December, weather conditions making large parts of the country to be traversed undesirable during the rest of the year.

Petrol and hotels or rest-houses are available over the whole 7000 miles.

THE SPANIEL AND THE TERRIER

ONE LOST, THE OTHER FOUND

A Very Queer Story From an Old Mine in Lakeland

BRAVE DOG AND BRAVE MAN

There is a terrier in Keswick who ought to be very happy, for a man loved him enough to risk his life for him. And there is a cocker spaniel near Keswick who ought to be very happy, for the terrier was the means of saving him from death.

The cocker spaniel went rabbiting near Lake Derwentwater in a region which a really wise dog would avoid, and that is the place where the Brandelhow lead mines used to be about three hundred years ago. The famous Brandelhow Woods, which now belong to the National Trust, are near the derelict mines.

The Terrier Disappears

The spaniel got into an old drift of the ancient mines, went down, and did not come up. The news of the strayed dog came to the ears of some Keswick men, and two of them went to see what could be done. They took the terrier with them, and put him first into the mouth of the twisting drift to mark the spaniel. Then the two men followed him down the ancient track until they came to a sheer drop. There seemed to be an enormous hole beneath them. Farther they dared not go.

Slowly they climbed back, wondering what to do. Presently who should appear but the spaniel, very lean and hungry, and deliriously glad to be alive again. He could tell them no story. The men guessed that had he been able to he would have explained that the terrier had freed him from a tight place he had got into, and showed him the way back. But what of the terrier?

A Keswick Labourer's Heroism

The owner of the terrier, Mr. George Maughan, was obliged to go home without his dog. The following night he went back to search, and the ancient mine tracks echoed to whistles and cries of the terrier's master. The next night he went again. Two days later another Keswick man, Mr. Tom Pepper, a labourer, heard of the lost terrier. Now, Mr. Pepper knew all about the terrier, for he had bred him and had known him and loved him as a puppy. He went alone to the old lead mines with a long coil of rope.

He knew the danger; he knew that he might be buried alive any moment; but he was thinking of the terrier down in that horrid place. Three sheer drops he swung down, guiding himself by slight ledges for about a hundred feet.

Cautiously he crept about amid great stones and masses of loose earth, calling the terrier. There came a little whine from a passage leading out of the bottom of the hole.

Calling and Coaxing

The passage was too small for a man to crawl into. Mr. Pepper lay on his back near by and called and coaxed. Presently he heard a slight movement. He called and coaxed again. The terrier crawled a few feet, and after what seemed an endless time was induced to crawl out into the man's arms.

It was a thin little body the rescuer held, a weak little tongue which could scarcely lick his hand. Holding the terrier gently with one arm and keeping his lamp in the other the man went back to the rope and slowly drew himself back to the top.

No one knew in the end who was the most pleased, the rescuer or the owner or the dog. But it is a good story, and the C.N. congratulates the terrier, its master, and brave Tom Pepper.

WHILE HE IS VERY YOUNG

The Friend of Christopher Robin

A NURSERY BOOKSHELF

Every Editor has some regrets as he looks back into the Long Ago. He must regret many things he sent back to disappointed contributors or threw into the wastepaper basket.

One of our regrets is that we used to send back the manuscripts of a man whose writings today have become a delight of the world, whose book of verses, *When We Were Very Young*, is on all our nursery shelves and in great libraries. He is, of course, Mr. A. A. Milne, who since those days has grown up into fame and whatever immortality a book will give a man.

A reader of the C.N. who is not so young as once he was, and who often picks up Mr. Milne's famous book, always smiles at the recollection of the King who said to the Queen that he hoped he was not a fussy man, but he *did* like a little bit of butter with his bread!

Important Without Knowing It

That and a score of other laughing fancies were written by Mr. Milne to amuse his small boy Christopher Robin, and in consequence Christopher Robin (though, thank goodness, he does not know it) has become an important person. Everybody who reads of him would like to know what this little fellow, who has inspired so much good humour and such delightful fun, is like. Someone has just been to see him to find out, and reports the result in *John O' London's Weekly*.

As we expected, he is just a boy: rather shy, like many other boys of six; and very fond of his toys, as no little boy of six ought to be ashamed of being, especially when they are very fine toys. They are named in the poems, Piglet and Poglet, Winnie-the-Pooh, Kanga, and poor old Eeyore.

But Billy Moon, as his close friends call Christopher Robin, has tastes inherited from a literary father. A bookshelf decorates his nursery, with fairy stories and tales of King Arthur and Robin Hood and other heroes of romance.

Growing Up with the C.E.

Those are for lighter moments. They are flanked by a shining row of volumes which are Christopher Robin's companions and friends. He goes to them, he says, when he wants to know, because they *tell him things*. That is why he likes them better than all the rest. And what do you suppose these dear companions are? They are ten volumes very familiar to us, for they are the *Mother of the C.N.* Christopher Robin's favourite recreation, as he would say if there were a *Boys' Who's Who*, is the *Children's Encyclopedia*.

Christopher Robin is still very, very young. He will grow up with the *Encyclopedia*, and we hope he will like it more and more. It will be one of the pleasantest reflections of those who made it that the C.E. may continue to be Christopher Robin's guide and friend.

TRAIN CLIMBS 1000 FEET

The Non-Stop Run

After the L.N.E.R. had announced that they would start a record non-stop run of 392 miles between King's Cross and Edinburgh the L.M.S. stole a march on them 24 hours earlier.

They ran the Royal Scot in duplicate, one train to Edinburgh and the other to Glasgow, both without a stop. The L.M.S. route to Edinburgh is just under 400 miles and that to Glasgow, now the record run, is well over that distance.

The remarkable thing about the L.M.S. runs, however, is that the trains have once to climb up to 1000 feet above the sea, in Beattock Pass, Lanarkshire.

A MAN AND HIS FAMOUS BOOK

LOOKING AFTER CHARLES STUART'S BOYS

300 Years of Fame for a Placid Little Doctor

WHAT WILLIAM HARVEY DID

Nearly three hundred years ago a placid little man sat under a hedge at the Battle of Edgehill reading a book, while two boys who had been committed to his care gazed wide-eyed at the distant turmoil.

Presently a cannon ball grazed the ground near by and the reader, glancing up, removed himself and his charges to a place of greater safety. The two boys were the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, afterward to become Charles the Second and James the Second, both rather scandalous Kings of England. The absorbed reader was the king's physician, William Harvey, whose fame will endure when the names of other kings are forgotten.

The First Modern Physician

Fourteen years before, in May, 1628, he had published at Frankfort in Germany a book in Latin with a title meaning *Concerning the Movement of the Heart and Blood*, in which he told the world the secret, unsuspected by physicians for nearly two thousand years before him, of the circulation of the blood. The publication of that work is being celebrated this month by physicians all over the world, because the publication of that book marked the beginning of the modern system of the great art of healing.

William Harvey was, in fact, the first modern physician, though he lived and died three centuries since. In his own day he had hard work to convince his fellow-physicians of the great truth he had found and proved. His book was first published, as we have said, in Frankfort. An English translation had to wait five years.

Charles Stuart's Good Deed

But he had not five years to wait before the older diehard physicians of his day began to abuse him for it. So loudly did they talk that Harvey's practice fell off. Patients feared to put themselves under the care of one who was accused by his envious critics of being crack-brained, and of putting forward new-fangled doctrines.

The younger men presently rallied to his side, and there was one kingly exception to the general disapproval. Charles the First believed in him and showed the liveliest interest in his discovery. Whatever we may think of the failings of Charles Stuart, let us give to him the credit of making William Harvey his physician, and of aiding and befriending him.

The placid philosopher who went on reading while the cannon balls were flying was not much disturbed by the attacks of those who had not seen the circulation of the blood and refused to believe it. He answered the best of them with the greatest courtesy, asking them to observe the facts and make experiments for themselves, instead of quoting opinions of doctors who had been dead for centuries. The more abusive of them he ignored.

Harvey and Darwin

The truth he told was too great and far-reaching to be obscured by the fog of misrepresentation. He had waited many years, making countless experiments, listening patiently to objections, before he published his work. He was fifty years old when he did publish it, at the urgent request of his medical friends, waiting, as Charles Darwin did before publishing the *Origin of Species*, to make sure that he was right. Like Darwin, he lived to see his discovery accepted, and, like Darwin, he is one of the glories of our race.

EGYPT'S MISTAKE

THE FOLLY OF EXTREMISTS

Why British Warships Sailed to Alexandria

POLICE AND FOREIGNERS

It is sad when England, the Mother of Parliaments, has to threaten a daughter Parliament with warships.

But when she gave Egypt her freedom, with a Parliament to direct it, circumstances compelled her to make certain conditions; and it is because the daughter Parliament has been disregarding these conditions that the trouble has arisen.

Ever since Britain and France, in the last century, took over the guardianship of Egypt from the Turks, and France resigned her authority into Britain's hands, Britain has been responsible to the nations for the safety and just treatment of foreign residents there. This is a responsibility she cannot hand over till there is a Government in Egypt which the nations can accept as capable of fulfilling such a trust; and this guardianship of foreigners was one of the duties she reserved for herself.

It has been shown only too clearly that anti-foreign riots are still a living danger in Egypt, and the right of public meeting has frequently been abused by incitements to violence against foreigners when political feeling runs high.

How the Trouble Began

The Egyptian police, under British training have shown themselves well able to anticipate these dangers, and there is good hope that if they are properly supported they may some day be able to take over full responsibility in the matter. But the Egyptian Parliament, under the guidance of the Egyptian Government, recently considered and nearly passed a Bill withdrawing meetings and demonstrations from the control of the police unless they were called in by the promoters of the gatherings themselves.

The British Government repeatedly expressed its strong disapproval of this Bill and asked that it should not be proceeded with. It was only because these representations were steadfastly ignored that a demand had to be made for a promise within three days to drop the Bill, and warships had to be sent to enforce the demand. Happily all this proved effective, and after a secret session of Parliament the Egyptian Government announced that the Bill had been withdrawn.

SIX MILES A MINUTE?

New British Aeroplane Engine

A new Rolls-Royce aeroplane engine that may produce a speed of six miles a minute has been built for the Royal Air Force.

It is the result of British endeavours to improve on the American engine with which American seaplanes wrested the Schneider Cup from Britain in 1923.

It is believed that, mounted on a racing aeroplane, this new engine could be made to produce a speed of over 360 miles an hour.

G.P.O. AND C.O.D.

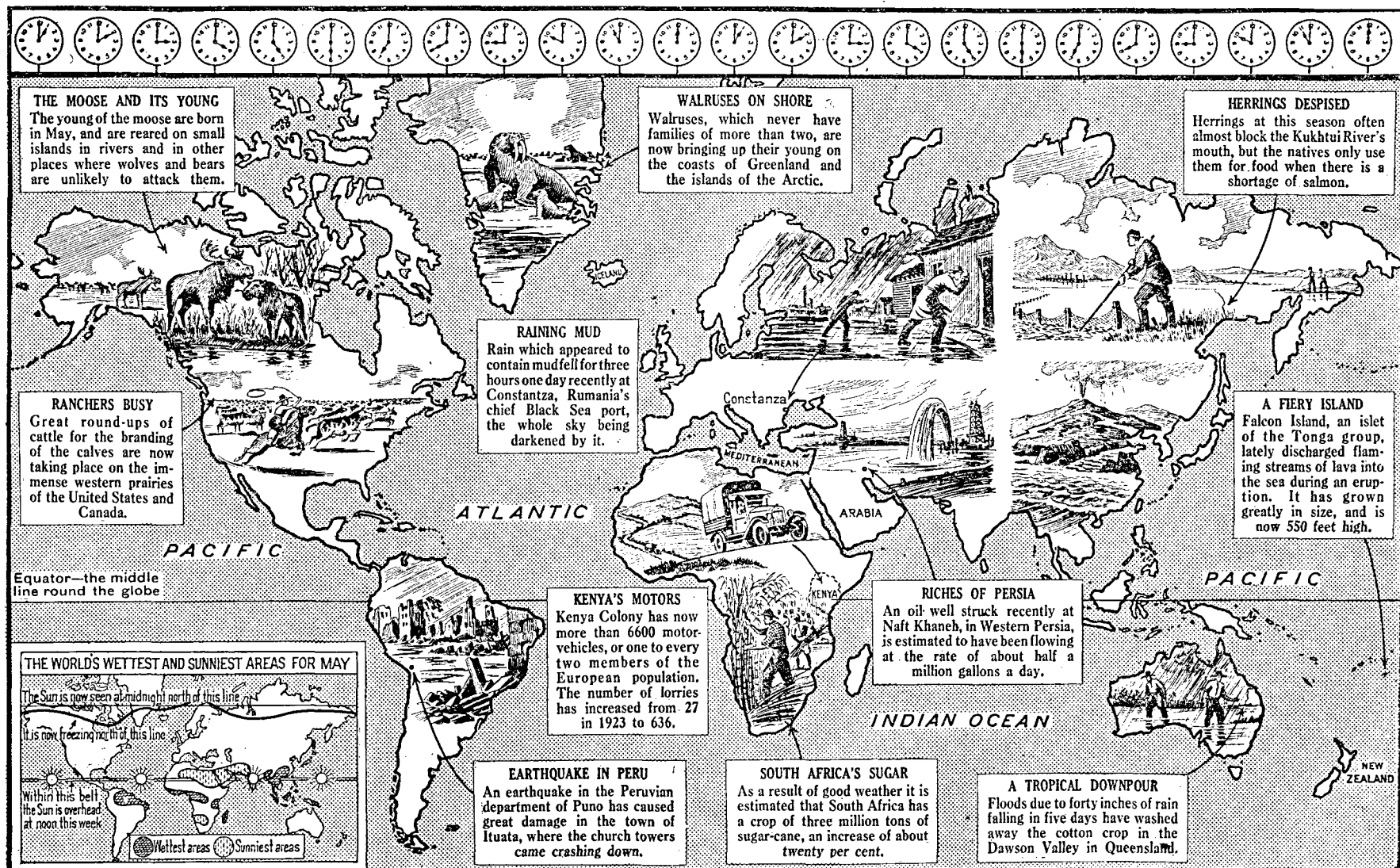
The Post Office has greatly extended the scope of its undertaking to collect cash on delivery for people despatching goods to customers.

Hitherto the system has been confined to goods sent by parcels post, which means a limit of eleven pounds in weight and a limit in size. Now registered letter post for light valuables is included, and even goods not sent by rail and not by post at all.

The goods go by rail and the bill goes by post.

The goods may be of any size or weight, but the cash to be collected must not be over £40.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE SINGAPORE DOCK What Tyne Men Did With 20,000 Tons of Steel

The great floating dock which has been made for Singapore is ready for its long sea journey from the Tyne.

Many of the best minds in England have opposed the making of this dock, holding it to be unnecessary; but it is a wonderful structure nevertheless.

It is one of the biggest structures in the world, and it has been completed in less than a year. The largest battleship or liner could be floated on to it, raised, and dry-docked within it. Its steel floor is nearly 900 feet long and 180 feet wide. It is made of 20,000 tons of steel, with three and a half million rivets, and it contains no less than a hundred miles of electric cable.

Its towering sides, like those of a huge ship, carry four funnels for its oil-burning boilers and steam turbines, alternating with four huge cranes, each of which will lift a ton 150 feet a minute, as well as electric capstans.

Besides a complete electrical equipment for cleaning and repairing ships it has plant for supplying ships with electric light and power, and for charging the batteries of submarines.

When a ship is to be docked the dock is sunk to the necessary depth by filling its tanks with water. Then the ship is floated in and secured, whereupon the tanks are emptied by pumps of 15,000 horse-power till the ship is high and dry.

The process takes about four hours. The whole control work of the dock is done through electric switches. The dock will have a crew of only a very few men, but there is accommodation for the crews of the ships while they are undergoing repair, including workshops, kitchens, dining-rooms, and bathrooms.

The dock is to be towed out in two pieces, one consisting of the bows and stern bolted together, and the other of the middle. The Suez Canal will have to be closed to all other traffic when the two pieces pass through.

A BUILDER OF THE C.P.R. Pioneer of the Rockies

The wonderful story of the crossing of the Rockies and the mountains of British Columbia by the Canadian Pacific Railway is recalled by the news of the death of Mr. Henry J. Cambie.

Mr. Cambie, who was 91, was the last survivor of the engineers who made the original survey of the route, and he built in the seventies that part of it which passes through the Fraser Canyon.

When Sir Sandford Fleming became chief engineer of the original Intercolonial Railway Mr. Cambie joined his staff on the first explorations to determine the route. He was only 26. Twenty years later his section of the road had been completed. Sir Sandford tells of its difficulty and its costliness. It included 13 tunnels in its 28 miles.

It was then that Sir Sandford Fleming made his famous journey, linking up for the first time the tracks blazed by the pioneers, up this valley and down that, and over pass after pass each more impossible than the last. He must have breathed a sigh of relief on reaching railway lines once more after that momentous journey. He speaks in his diary of the hearty, natural, unmistakable kindness of his reception by his old friend Cambie.

Mr. Cambie has now died in British Columbia, as full of honour as of years.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

4 Queen Anne chairs and settee	£1460
A portrait by Reynolds	£1312
1st edition of Dickens's works	£700
Georgian silver dishes and tray	£468
A book on Virginia (1610)	£350
A portrait by Romney	£295
Old Dutch East India pamphlets	£215
Tennyson's The Holy Grail (1869)	£200
Pickwick Papers (1st edition)	£115
Walnut banqueting table	£95
The Christmas Carol (1844)	£88
Carpet from Dorchester House	£81
Playbills of Shakespearean plays	£50

A WANDERING SHEEP Two Climbers Risk Their Lives For It

The world is getting on when men will risk life and limb to save a sheep. Two climbers at Keswick did so the other day.

Somehow a sheep had climbed with the mistaken ingenuity of a cat to a narrow ledge on the tall rock-face of Falcon Crag. Here it stayed a prisoner for days, with a drop of 100 feet below. Ropes to reach it from 100 feet above were useless by themselves.

Two climbers, Ralph Mayson and Keith Milburn, stepped in. They made the difficult ascent to the top of Falcon Crag and then found a way to lower themselves to the sheep below. A small oak tree was growing near the top of the precipice. Mayson fastened a rope to the oak and succeeded in lowering Milburn to the ledge.

The trouble then began. Milburn, holding on to the rope with one hand, lassoed the sheep with the other. But the poor, terrified creature, trying to escape from this new and strange peril, almost dragged its rescuer with it to the rocks below.

So Milburn, giving up that idea, let go the rope, crawled slowly along the ledge to the sheep, and, grabbing it by its fleece, turned it on its back. Then he lashed its feet securely together with the spare rope.

It was now easier to rescue. Mayson, from the top, lowered it to another ledge lower down, and from there it was rescued. It was a strange adventure for the sheep, but a cool and brave thing for the best climbers to do.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Briand	Bree-and
Chaliapine	Shal-yah-pin
Heriot	A-ree-oh
Leviathan	Lev-i-athan
Painlevé	Pahn-lev-ay
Poincaré	Poin-kar-ray

FOR PEACE AND THE FRANC France's General Election

This is to be a year of general elections. The French election has been a curious one. At the elections four years ago M. Poincaré was hurled from power by a combination of Radicals and Socialists. When the new Parliament had only run half its course the combination broke up and a new combination was formed which put M. Poincaré back again. Now the electors have given the Prime Minister a vote of confidence.

Happily the Poincaré who has won today is a very different person from the Poincaré who was defeated four years ago. The old Poincaré was the author of the Ruhr invasion, which proved such a disastrous setback to European peace, whereas the new Poincaré professes full support to the Locarno policy of his Foreign Minister, M. Briand. His battle-cry during the elections was Peace and the Franc.

It was his success with the franc which earned him his vote of confidence. M. Heriot and M. Painlevé, returned to power four years ago, both tried to steady the franc and failed; M. Poincaré, taking them both into his Government, tried and succeeded. And now, having steadied the franc, he has been given a mandate to fix it. Let us hope he will succeed.

THE HUM TURNS ON THE LIGHT

One of the latest mechanical devices in this mechanical age is the new switch which floods an air port with light at the sound of an approaching aeroplane.

The drone of the aeroplane motor is used to start a sympathetically-tuned reed vibrating; as the aeroplane approaches the low note of its motor sets the reed in vibration, and the reed in turn switches on the powerful lights.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 19 1928

Turning Us Into a Circus.

As the C.N. is not an M.P. it must make its Budget Speech from this platform.

IF it is in order, Mr. Speaker, the C.N. would like to propose an amendment to the Budget. It proposes a tax of a guinea a day on every Petrol Pump.

Far too long have we been satisfied with mild protests against the indignity forced on us by the petrol companies. These rich corporations are not deeply infused with the spirit of our English countryside.

They can hardly be expected to feel that a field of buttercups is worth bothering about; that a little lane running through high hedges matters very much; that the quiet loveliness of our winding ways, the glory of our oaks and beeches, the vistas that open out when we come to the brow of a hill, the little dream-places where beauty is too deep for tears, are more important than petrol. Mr. Shell and Mr. Pratt are not greatly concerned with these things.

And yet Mr. Shell and Mr. Pratt depend for their living on the beauty of our countryside. If that goes they go, for nobody will motor about our Little Treasure Island when they have turned it all into a circus.

We ask the world to Come to Britain. We ask it to see our great and famous places. We have things beyond compare to show them when they come, a glory unparalleled, a wonder all untold. There never was, there never will be again, a land like ours, so rich and fair to see.

And it is into this little land, into the midst of all this glory, that Mr. Pratt and Mr. Shell come and stick up their circuses. They fling their scarecrows along our country roads. They make our lanes like penny shows. They make us sick to death of going the ways we used to love to go.

When Mr. Selfridge wants to sell something he puts up a noble shop in Oxford-Street. When Lloyds wish to carry on their business they build a palace in the City. When a bank wants a new home it sets up a proud place fit to adorn the king's highway.

But Mr. Shell and Mr. Pratt must strew the face of England with Aunt Sallies to sell their petrol; one must copy the mess the other makes of things, only turning scarlet into yellow to make it scream a little more. They must plant these things in every spot that they can rent, in rows of four and six and eight.

It is time the Pratt and Shell Circus was stopped. It has ceased to be amusing. It has become a matter of concern to all who love our countryside; and if it is in order, Mr. Speaker, the C.N. proposes that Mr. Pratt and Mr. Shell shall be taxed a guinea a day for every ugly Petrol Pump that stands upon these islands.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Upright Judge

WHEN Lord Cave, our good Lord Chancellor, lay dying not long ago a thought came to trouble him which he minded more than all his suffering and his growing weakness.

It was that in a judgment to which he had set his seal as Lord Chancellor there was an error in law.

He knew his end was near; he could not endure to think that after he had gone the legal opinion to which he had given his authority should be cited, and injustice done.

So, while he stood almost in the hour of God's judgment, this upright judge altered the conclusion he had drawn. He authorised the Prime Minister, who had begged him not to allow his mind to be troubled with such a matter at such a time, to state that he had been wrong. Then, having done his duty, this devoted servant of his country and his Master was prepared to die. He died the next day, and rested from his labours, faithful unto the end.

We Cannot Fail

The famous steel king of America, Mr. C. M. Schwab, has been in London receiving the Bessemer gold medal, the highest honour in the iron and steel industry. This is what he said of us, and we like it.

YOU are the sportiest, squarest nation in the world. You stand up like men; you have acted the part of men. You have a tradition of integrity and honour, and, God knows, no such nation can go down to industrial failure any more than it can descend to an ignoble action.

The Guide Law

- A Guide's honour is to be trusted.
- A Guide is loyal to the king, her country, her employers.
- A Guide's duty is to be useful and to help others.
- A Guide is a friend to all, and a sister to every other Guide.
- A Guide is courteous.
- A Guide is a friend to animals.
- A Guide obeys orders.
- A Guide smiles under all difficulties.
- A Guide is thrifty.
- A Guide is pure in thought, word, and deed.

White May Day

How many Londoners have sorrowfully said to themselves that May Day is like any other day: no strings of horses with bells and rosettes, no flower-girls; everybody going to work as usual.

Yet it seemed that, after all, there was a difference. The streets seemed brighter and cleaner. We looked about in a puzzled way; then we saw what it was. The busmen, drivers and conductors, following the rule of the Navy, had got out their white caps for May Day.

Those hundreds of gleaming white caps made all the difference.

The Lilacs Are Out

THIS mournful lament comes from one of our contributors of good cheer in the country:

I am so sorry not to send you any items of cheer for the Broadcaster; we have kept our eyes open for them in vain this week. Our lilacs are all out.

So there is an item of good cheer after all! There always is.

Tip-Cat

WAITRESSES are encouraged to play tennis. Not table tennis, we hope.

MAN is always greater than the machine, we read. By, at least, a head.

PURE English is rare among American speakers. Even among English speakers it is not common.

BETTY NUTHALL has captured the crowd in America. Fairly netted it.

AN Englishman's house is his castle. But since the shortage it is often only his castle in Spain.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If the painted lady is a society butterfly

NOWADAYS, the man who is silent is thought to be a fool. Often if he isn't he is known to be.

HUMAN nature is not what it was. It never has been.

THE majority of popular actresses are blondes. If not, they become so.

KEEP your mind open when young and it will always remain open. Even if there is nothing in it.

A DOCTOR warns motorists against becoming all liver and no legs. But even that is better than being all legs and no liver.

AN elderly man thinks that when women sat in a tower embroidering tapestry they were better off. Perhaps that is why they came off.

Two Tailors of Bond Street

THERE were once three tailors of Tooley Street who thought they were the People of England; today there are two tailors of Bond Street who have a word to say to the People of England.

The Budget puts a tax on buttons, and it seems that the tax costs three farthings a suit. The two tailors of Bond Street are to escape by dropping a button wherever it can be spared!

Perhaps the country will be able to carry on without them. What seems to us so interesting is that it is not a little East End tailor who is trying to save three farthings, but the gentlemen of Bond Street.

Neighbours

By a Lady in the Country

AN old woodman was coming along the road and I stopped to greet him.

He is one of the people I like best to talk to, for he has lived all his life in the country and knows more than anyone I have met about birds and trees and animals. He has never read a book about them, but he could write a rare one if he would.

The woodman's little house is the one I go to when I have seen a bird I am not sure about. Today I asked him if he had made any more robin friends. He told me once that no matter how deep in the heart of the wood he might be working, chopping or faggot-binding, a robin would come up and perch close by, watching, waiting for John to stop and eat his dinner.

John smiled. "I've got a robin for a neighbour now," he said. "There's one nesting in the box."

"The box where the wren nested last year?" I asked.

Three Birds in a Box

I remembered the wren's nest in the box hedge by John's door. He had let me look at it, tucked away in the darkest part of the tight shrub. The wren was on the nest when he parted the branches. She did not mind. She knew John.

"Yes," said he. "In that same box. And the wren is nesting there again, and a hedge-sparrow too. All three in that box by the door."

"And I suppose they do not mind you a bit."

"Oh, no. They do not mind me," said the old man.

"You are lucky," I said enviously. "I have never had a bird living next door."

"Well, I must say I like them," he said. "You could not wish for nicer neighbours."

He went on down the road, the smile on his face, and I knew the birds thought they could not wish for a nicer neighbour either.

A Prayer for a Quiet Night

The Lord Almighty grant us a quiet night and a perfect end. Be present, O merciful God, and protect us through the silent hours of this night, so that we, who are wearied by the changes and chances of this fleeting world, may repose upon Thy eternal changelessness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. The New Prayer Book

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE L.C.C. has refused dog-racing advertisements on tram tickets.

BOURNEMOUTH has given Birmingham fifty tons of sea sand for its playing fields.

ALL Britain's lifeboats cost less to maintain last year than the building of one battleship.

AUSTRALIA'S Scouts kept the Chief Scout's birthday by giving a penny a week for a month to charity.

THE LONDON WE SHALL SEE

THE WATERLOO GATE OF THE CAPITAL

Fine Sight Opened Up By the Charing Cross Scheme

THE TRAVELLER'S WAY

*When London's not as now it seems
But like the city of our dreams.*

It seems almost too good to be true. After all these years, as already recorded in the C.N., the Government committee of engineers has recommended that both Charing Cross railway bridge and station should go. Like the removal of a hoarding which hides a statue, their disappearance will open up a new London to the view.

London's Open Door

The sprawling latticed railway bridge will be replaced by a great road bridge which will stretch in a broad shining avenue from Waterloo to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

The cumbrous and inconvenient railway station which now discharges cabs to complicate the traffic of the Strand will be pulled down, to reappear on the south side of the river.

There the New Gate of London will be thrown open. It will be London's Open Door. The one thing to make it complete will be that the Southern Railway, which is now beginning to see the advantage to itself of centralising those of its railway lines which converge on London at a great Waterloo terminus, should sanction one minor operation.

A Splendid Vista

The Continental trains which come from Dover, Folkestone, and Newhaven to Victoria should be diverted to the new Waterloo. Then the foreigner who came to us across the Strait of Dover would have a first sight of London which every Londoner would be proud to offer. Our kinsmen from the Dominions and our cousins from America, who came from Southampton to Waterloo, would share it. In short, the whole travelling world would look on a new London, which only Londoners who know the old one could believe to exist.

When the arriving traveller came out from Waterloo Station (new style) to taxi across the new bridge his foot would rest on the step while his eye took in the view before him. He would see Waterloo Bridge (its battle for existence won) like the completion and the pendant to the colonnades of Somerset House, and the pleasing, broken line of the buildings stretching to Blackfriars. Brooding above them he would see the dark dome of St. Paul's, and the whitening spires of the City churches. To the left he would see the Houses of Parliament, with Big Ben and Victoria Tower, and, like the beginning and end of England's history, the Abbey holding itself aloof beside them.

A Sight for Travellers

Too often the railway approaches to London are mean or ugly, degenerating sometimes into slums. When the terminus is reached it seems to stand on the threshold of a huddle of streets where the houses crowd one another and the traffic is elbowing its way along.

The way to the New Gate of London comes through the villages of Kent, the downs and woods and fields of Hampshire and Surrey to a London which, on the outskirts, is as like a garden city as ever London can contrive. And when the New Gate opens at the Waterloo terminus the way will be so broad and clear that the arriving traveller will see a London built in light and air on the bank of a shining Thames. Then, indeed, we shall have a sight for the travellers of the world to see, the sight that Wordsworth saw so long ago, of which he wrote in his incomparable lines on

A STORY OF HYDE PARK CORNER

MANY animal stories seem much too good to be true; here is one we can all believe because it is vouched for by Mr. Muirhead Little, the well-known surgeon.

A few days ago he saw a pigeon flying very low across the road toward the entrance to St. George's Hospital at Hyde Park Corner. It rested on the steps and then he saw that it was very lame. As if it had come to ask help, the bird hobbled in as the door was opened.

Several passers-by saw the incident, but, unlike the surgeon, they could not follow the pigeon's adventures after it got inside. They would be delighted could they know that the bird has been accepted as a patient, and is making good progress toward complete recovery.

Many people will say it was just a strange coincidence, but the men who were engaged to destroy some of London's surplus pigeons will say that the bird is far more intelligent than we imagine. Like the knowing little Cockneys they are, the condemned pigeons avoided one trap after the other. If they recognised the snares as things of danger they may be capable of recognising a hospital as a place of healing; who knows?

Mr. Little tells us that some years ago a dog with a broken leg sought admittance to King's College Hospital. Animal lovers will hasten to say that it cannot be coincidence. The dog and the pigeon knew what they wanted.

A GREAT MAN BEGS FOR BREAD



Old John Stow, the famous historian of London, whose new quill pen has just been fixed in the hand of his effigy on the monument at St. Andrew Undershaft, was rewarded for his industry by being allowed to beg in the streets! See page 2.

Westminster Bridge (which we should like to see set there in bronze):

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did Sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

The entrance to London by Westminster Bridge is perhaps the finest entrance to any city in the world; the entrance from the New Waterloo would give this view to all who come to London from the Continent. It is a great and gracious opportunity.

A SHOCK ABSORBER New Motor-Car Idea

A German insurance company has offered to reduce its motor-car insurance premiums by 25 per cent for motorists who adopt a new safety contrivance just invented.

At a demonstration before a kinema operator motor-cars fitted with this invention ran into trees at 28 miles an hour, bowled over pedestrians at 20 miles, and charged each other at 18 miles an hour, without damaging themselves, their drivers, or anyone else.

The contrivance is as simple as it is effective. It is a buffer made of a tube of rubber fixed by steel clamps along the front or back of the car. At these reasonable speeds, at any rate, it absorbs the shock completely.

OLD ENGLAND COMES TO GRAFTON STREET

1400 TREASURES

Things of Beauty that Have Come Down the Ages

NEW KIND OF SHOW

Some weeks ago a number of cars were travelling over English roads, each with detectives guarding them, carrying treasures from private houses up to London, for exhibition in the Grafton Galleries.

This is an exhibition unlike any other that has ever been held. It has been arranged by the British Antique Dealers Association, a company formed ten years ago and conducted on the lines of ancient guilds. It is a brotherhood of craft with members all over England and one or two in Paris and New York. There are over 1,400 exhibits, some of them from dealers' shops, and a certain number from dealers' private houses which are treasures beyond price, not for sale.

Guarded Like Royalty

It was these lovely things which came guarded like royalty on the road. The detectives patrolling the galleries, fifteen by day and five by night, keep a special eye on them.

A spirit of intense love of beautiful things for their own sake marks the exhibition. Antique dealer is an easy label, and covers a great variety of trades. The real antique dealer is a born artist and idealist. There must be always one or two such in every great firm, to whom "pieces" are more than money, men who have travelled great distances to see and obtain a precious piece of work.

Standards for Today

These things were made when craftsmen could spend months fashioning a cup, years carving a cabinet of choicest wood. Those days have gone for ever, and their lingering beauty marks many an English home which can treasure, as truly beyond price, handwork of the bygone days of a great people. All we can do now is to hold them up as a merciless standard to the makers of new things.

The exhibition, which is bewildering in its variety and scope, falls into thirty sections. The earliest exhibits are probably a magnificent 13th-century Bible and an exquisite little carved figure of St. Margaret, made by a 14th-century ivory worker. The great mass falls in the rich 17th and 18th centuries, the centuries of furniture, tapestry, pottery, gold and silver work.

What England Has Forgotten

And glass! When you stop short before a case of Irish glass you feel you have never seen glass before. The Chelsea and Bow china groups, too, can give one a positive heartache to think that England made these, and has forgotten how. The pottery and glass alone, which include a case of tiny figures about the size of a pin, are worth walking many miles to see. The exhibition is open till May 26.

The lesson of it all is this: that what is called taste in furniture, table silver, and pottery is genius of a rare flight. How did a workman centuries ago know that just one shape was right for that chair, for that clock, for that little work-box, for that handle-less cup?

And the benefit of the exhibition is this: that we can learn, getting our eyes trained so that in future we shall know what is shoddy and poor, and feel when a thing is reaching out to be good.

THE SLAVE WHO RAN AWAY

A VERY OLD MAN'S STORY

One Hundred Years of Life
Come to an End

ITS STIRRING MEMORIES

An aged Negro has just died in Canada who had a thrilling story to tell. He was Lloyd Graves, a runaway slave.

Over a hundred years ago he was born on a cotton plantation in Kentucky. His parents were slaves. He grew up to the discipline of unmeasured hard labour and the lash.

While the boy was growing into young manhood restless thoughts began to torment him. He heard from his fellow-slaves whispers of that magic land to the north where the British flag flew and slavery was unknown. In stolen minutes he talked of freedom with a friend, a slave whose plight was worse than his, for he was neither as strong nor as intelligent as Lloyd. This young man was called No Account George, and many were the terrible lashings he received.

Adventures By Night

One day Lloyd heard his owner talking with the head of another slave plantation about him. They were arranging for his transfer from one estate to another. Lloyd realised that he was to be sold like a bag of raw cotton.

That night Lloyd, No Account George, and two or three others made their escape. By dawn they were hiding in a swamp twenty miles from home. At night they marched again. They knew they were being pursued. Once they saw a horseman galloping on a track not fifty yards from their hiding. He was their master's friend.

Enduring great hardship, hiding in barns and outhouses for days at a time while the surrounding country was being beaten for them, the slaves made their way northward to the Canadian border. Some dropped out. Lloyd and George kept together. The day came when they managed to stow themselves away on a vessel and reach Port Stanley.

In the Land of the Free

They had left America behind. But they did not breathe freely till they had left the Canadian border behind.

At last they arrived in the land of the free, and Lloyd soon got work. For five years he drove a grocery van.

About 70 years ago he moved to a farm in Salem, and ten years after that he married. It was a happy marriage. A life that seemed truly unending opened up before this man of terrific strength and vitality and real goodness of heart. The runaway slave became a respected citizen. One of the jobs of his declining years was that of school caretaker, and when he died the other day, at 104, no one grieved more than the children he had smiled on morning by morning.

THE WONDERFUL SCOUTS

Chaliapin, the great Russian singer, pays a warm tribute to Scouting in a book he has written.

Referring to his visit to England in 1914 he says:

"I was much struck by the good work done by the Boy Scouts at Newhaven, London, and Glasgow. The boys came to every car of the trains to offer assistance to foreign travellers. The attention they paid to one Jewish family was quite touching. They amused the children, who were in tears, reassured the distracted parents, joked and laughed with them, looked after their baggage, and did it all so adroitly and with so much humanity that it drew tears of admiration to my eyes. I reflected once more what a wonderful nation the English are."

LENIN The Cruel Man

It is announced that, owing to the report of a Russian Commission which had been examining the sepulchre where Lenin, the founder of Bolshevism, has lain embalmed in Moscow, the body will now be burned and the ashes preserved in an urn.

We gave the other week a description of the remarkable scenes witnessed around the tomb every day for the last few years, and it is interesting to see that these scenes will now come to an end.

As every reader of the C.N. knows, we have constantly exposed and denounced the criminal work of Lenin since he deluded Russia into the acceptance of a Government founded on wholesale murder and carried on by the use of all the foul methods that besmirched the rule of the Tsars. Bolshevism is at least as bad as Tsardom; we think it is worse.

Hundreds of Letters

From time to time we have insisted, by quoting the Russian Government's own statistics, that this is so. Because the C.N. has done this, it has received hundreds of letters from honest but simple people in this country who have blindly believed that a murderous method of government was proving a blessing to Russia.

Judge, then, of our surprise on receiving an English publication which uses the very kind of statistics we have published again and again, and discusses us as if we had been guilty of sympathising with the Bolsheviks because we described the amazing scenes around the tomb of Lenin! These scenes have long been one of the most remarkable daily sights in Europe, and few papers have described them. Our correspondent has seen them, and we published his description as part of the picture of the world's life which we strive to present week by week.

A Policy of Murder

That Lenin was a personality of imposing strength and absolute sincerity who can doubt? It is proved by what he did. But the way in which he did it proves that he was one of the most unscrupulous monsters who ever infested the Earth. Conquest by extermination was his policy. He murdered by classes. His was the mind that conceived the plan. Liberty has been unknown in Russia ever since Bolshevism has had command of the army and the secret police.

It is because this is as clear to the C.N. as the light of day that it has denounced Lenin. To us the subservience of the docile Russian multitude under the memory of such a man is one of the saddest spectacles that history affords; but we do not see why we should be blamed for saying that is so and describing what is seen.

HOLIDAYS ON A VOLCANO

To spend a holiday on a volcano may not appeal to everybody, but those who have read Matthew Arnold's beautiful description of Mount Etna will welcome the latest proposal of the Italian Government.

A scheme has been suggested for building hotels and villas on the lower slopes of Etna, where visitors could enjoy a season three times as long as that of the High Alps, and the ancient woods which clothe the flanks of the mountain would prove a great attraction. A new motor-road passing the famous view from the Strait of Messina to Syracuse would connect the mountain with the Zafferano main road. The climb from Catania to the crater would then take only three hours.

GIVING THE HEART A LIFT

A Little Radium in a Ring SOME NEW DISCOVERIES

For many years it has been known that when a heart cut out of a dead body continues to beat (as it sometimes does) the contractions of its muscles are in some way due to a chemical substance or ferment. Indeed, a ferment capable of exciting the pulsations of the heart has been extracted both from the muscles of the heart and from the cells of the liver.

But a new and illuminating advance has recently been made by Professor Zwaardemaker of Utrecht, who has shown that radium will renew the pulsations of a heart that has ceased to beat. He puts a ring containing radio-active substance round the seemingly dead heart, and in about half an hour the heart begins to beat again.

More wonderful still, if a suitable fluid is propelled by the resuscitated heart through another seemingly dead heart, the second heart begins to beat.

It is probable that the radium develops the ferment out of some substance already in the heart, even as ultra-violet rays develop vitamin D out of a substance already in the skin.

The natural beating of the living heart is, of course, not due to radium, but it is almost certain that the potassium salts of the blood which are radio-active act like radium and develop a stimulating ferment in the substance of the heart.

These discoveries will probably in time be put to practical use. A heart really dead can never be made to beat again; but it should certainly be possible to stimulate a flagging and failing heart by the administration of the special stimulating ferment.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

There was a loss of £275,000 on the L.C.C. trams last year.

The N.S.P.C.C. attended to nearly 100,000 children in the past year.

Interesting Roman remains have been found at Baldock, near Letchworth.

Fourteen thousand pictures were rejected for this year's Royal Academy.

Every hour there are one thousand accidents of one kind or another in the United States.

A wild duck flew on to the deck of the White Star liner Homeric 300 miles from the Scilly Isles.

The German unemployed figures have dropped in three months from a million and a half to a million.

The British Museum has just received a collection of 96,000 butterflies, collected by Eustace Ralph Banks.

The Zoo has just been keeping its hundredth birthday; it started with about 100 animals and has now nearly 4000.

Getting Rid of the War

Spilsby Parish Council, in Lincolnshire, has asked for the removal of a number of old howitzers and other war trophies.

Ooi Peng Guan

We hear from a reader in Malaya that Ooi Peng Guan, of whom we wrote the other day, is a Chinese and not a Malay.

The Stupidity of it

The secretary of the British Engineering Standards Association says that one Government building has 200 different types of door-knobs.

The Shame of Bristol

Although Bristol Corporation has built 4500 houses since the war, and is building another thousand, 25,000 people there still live in houses described as unfit for habitation.

The Smokeless Pit

Coal has been reached at a new pit at Thoresby, Nottinghamshire, within a mile of the famous Major Oak. To preserve the beauty of the surroundings the pit is without chimneys, and smokeless.

HUNTING LEVIATHAN WHAT IT MEANS

The Men Who Spend Their Lives Among the Whales

COURAGE FOR DAILY BREAD

There are at least two types of huntsmen whose stories are worth hearing: the African who hunts the lion with a spear and the old-time whaler who hunts with a harpoon. These huntsmen run risks as great as their quarry, and they kill in self-defence or to get a little daily bread, not for the fun of slaughter. It is the courage displayed by these men that redeem the whaling stories of Captain John Cook and E. M. Earle from the sense of brutality.

How terrible Leviathan is in his wrath we may judge from the tale of a sperm whale harpooned by two boat crews from a barque off Southern Australia.

Boats Bitten to Pieces

When struck the whale did not run, but lashed the sea furiously with his tail and thrust his jaw into the air, looking for his enemies. Then he seized one of the boats in his 18-foot jaw and bit it to pieces.

The men who had jumped out in time were saved by a third boat and taken back to the barque, while the second boat's crew remained to fight the angry whale alone. Drawing near Leviathan, they attacked him again, and he dived for a moment, only to come up under the boat and bite it in half like an egg. Four men managed to cling to one half of the upturned boat and two to the other. Suddenly one screamed, "He is coming!" and they saw the whale returning, his huge jaws open. Two feet from the men the terrible jaws closed and the monster rolled over, dead.

The men had escaped death by inches: and they lost boats, gear, and profit, for a gale sprang up and raged for 48 hours as if the sea mourned Leviathan, and the crew never rescued his body.

Driven Into an Icepack

On another expedition the crew secured a whale, but not before he had smashed a boat and killed a man with a blow of his great tail. Often limbs would be broken in a fight with a whale, or the men would become frosted, often with fatal results, for there were no doctors at the little whaling stations, and it was the bluff old whaling captain who set the limb or amputated it with the help of a book on surgery.

Whalers have to fear storm and ice as much as the angry whales. One whaling vessel, the Helen Mar, was returning home laden with oil after a successful hunt when a gale drove her into an icepack and she sank. Some of her crew escaped on the ice, but died of frostbite, and out of forty men only three survived. Yet in spite of such risks men were found who would sign on for whaling voyages in the Arctic lasting three or four years.

Friendly Eskimos

Once a dreadful misfortune befell Captain Cook. He and his companions expected to spend one winter and two summers in the Arctic on the voyage and carried the necessary supplies, but the ship became trapped in the ice, and they had to face four summers and three winters in that bitter region.

The whalers would have starved to death or died of frostbite if it had not been for the friendly Eskimos of Herschel Island. Although they had hard work to get food for themselves, these noble fellows fed the stranded white people and gave them clothes and boots. All ended well, and the Eskimos were rewarded for their help with guns, gear, and European boats.

Today men say the whaling industry is dead, partly because whalebone is no longer fashionable. For the sake of the whalers as well as the king of the sea, let us be glad that those days of danger and courage are done with.

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The Children's Newspaper

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£130,000,000 WANTED GREAT ENGINEERING IDEA WAITING

Plan for Bringing Five American Cities Nearer Europe

VAST ELECTRIC POWER

The greatest engineering scheme now before the world has again been under discussion between the American and Canadian Governments. It is the scheme for deepening the St. Lawrence waterway, and the channels connecting the Great Lakes, so as to allow ocean-going steamers to sail right up into the heart of the North American continent. The scheme, which would cost about 130 million pounds, would bring five great American cities, including Chicago, 600 miles nearer Europe.

Why Americans Are Keen

What has brought the scheme to the front again is the report of the engineers who have been investigating it for a number of years past. The report shows definitely that the thing can be done, and how, and what it will cost. Unfortunately, it has not convinced everybody that it ought to be done, or that it would be wise to do it.

Broadly speaking, Americans are keen to get on with it, while Canadians hesitate, and Quebec in particular is opposed to it.

It is easy to see from a glance at the map why American farmers and manufacturers of the Middle West are eager to see the plan put through. It would enable them to see their goods shipped for Europe at their very doors, cutting out the long railway journey to the eastern ports, and so putting them on a footing of equality with their more easterly rivals.

The Real Opposition

One would have assumed that the Canadian Middle West would be equally keen for the same reasons. Ontario approves, but Manitoba and Saskatchewan and Alberta are more interested in the coming railway to Hudson Bay, which will bring them within a 3000-mile sail of Liverpool. But the real opposition comes from the Province of Quebec, which sees in the scheme the ruin of its great port of Montreal, where goods brought eastward by rail or canal now begin their journey across the Atlantic Ocean.

An essential part of the scheme is the creation of a vast supply of electric power from the great weirs which must be made in canalising the waterway. The original suggestion was that the two countries should share equally in the construction of the canal, and in the electric power from the weirs. But Canadians say that, though this plan may do very well along that part of the waterway which divides the territories of the two countries, it will not do in that part of it which is Canadian on both its banks.

A Problem for the Courts

Here Canada must build and Canada must consume. It will never do, they say, for a wholly Canadian waterway to supply electric power to American manufacturers working in rivalry with their Canadian neighbours; and the Canadian Government have now been compelled to make this stipulation as a condition of proceeding with the scheme.

Finally there is this further difficulty. It is not certain in Canadian law whether the privilege of dealing with these water rights belongs to the Dominion or the Provincial Governments. The matter has yet to be thrashed out in the courts, and the final decision will probably have to be made by the Privy Council. Till the decision is made no great progress can be hoped for. If the decision is in favour of the Provinces, with their conflicting interests, the whole future of the scheme will be gravely endangered. If it is in favour of the Dominion Government, national interests will have their chance.

PUSSY TO THE RESCUE

By Our Country Girl

We have printed many stories of cats rescued from danger; here are two stories of cats who came to the help of their friends

"Father only earns 27 shillings a week," said the little country maid, "and I don't know how Mother would manage if it was not for the garden and the cat. We mostly live on vegetables and rabbits."

"Do you mean to say your cat brings you rabbits?" asked the Country Girl.

"Yes, miss," said the little maid. "He's a terrible poacher, but he always gives Mother what he catches. He won't give it to anyone else, and he doesn't eat it himself. I've known other cats like that; and then I've known cats who never went hunting at all. One of our neighbours had a cat that only brought in birds, and many a partridge they had from her. Another woman I knew had a cat that went fishing. They are funny animals."

The Prisoner Finds a Friend

It reminded the Country Girl of a story preserved by the Wyatt family; a remarkable story, but one which naturalists say may well be true.

Richard the Third desired the death of Sir Henry Wyatt, but he dared not have him executed, and imprisoned him in the Tower instead. The gaoler was told to give him no fire and very little food, because the king wished Wyatt to die a natural death.

One night, as the prisoner was lying in his cell, too cold and hungry to sleep, there was an eerie sound, and a cat came down the chimney.

Wyatt made friends with it, and it slept in his arms, keeping him so warm that he was able to sleep also. The lonely man longed to keep this little comrade, but he had no food for it, and did not try to prevent it from going up the chimney again in the morning.

Puzzling the Gaoler

At night, to his delight, the cat returned and presented him with a pigeon. It went away at dawn, and when the gaoler came with the prisoner's crust Wyatt said: "You have told me you dare not bring me more food than this, but have you been forbidden to cook any food that I provide?"

The gaoler had received no such order because no one thought it possible that a prisoner could obtain food when nobody was allowed to visit him. Great was the gaoler's astonishment when he was shown the pigeon.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

Sir Henry would not say.

It was a superstitious age. The gaoler felt that Sir Henry was a brave gentleman and innocent, and that supernatural beings had brought him food. He consented to cook the pigeon.

Next night the cat brought another pigeon, and so it went on.

The Man Who Would Not Die

The king got angry when he asked if Wyatt were dead and they always told him he was weak and thin, but living. "He can live on less than any man," said Richard, "but even he cannot live on nothing."

So the king's orders were given to the gaoler that he was to give Wyatt no food at all. Still the cat continued to bring his friend a London pigeon every night, and Sir Henry lived on long after the cruel king was killed in the Battle of Bosworth.

THE MARCH OF THE CATERPILLARS

A Little Procession in New South Wales

FOLLOW MY LEADER

A reader living in New South Wales sends a description of the march of a caterpillar host to find a suitable place for their change into winged beauty.

She was passing up a rough road between some half-cleared bush and a fenced-in garden when she saw across the road what looked like an electric light wire. On reaching it she found it was a living cord of caterpillars migrating across the road from the bush to the garden. They were small, brown, hairy creatures with lighter brown spots, and made a continuous line as the head of each was close to the tail of the one before it, and the array of whitish hairs rising from the line gave them the appearance of travelling in a cloak of cobweb.

At least they numbered a thousand. When they reached the bank at the side of the road they piled themselves in a hollow among the leaves and bits of gum bark till they looked like some small furry animal asleep. When a motor-car came down the road and cut the living rope in two places they ceased to move and kept contact with those ahead by stretching themselves to their fullest extent and so bridging the gaps, and the movement of the whole line continued.

The Size of "Woolly Bears"

Our correspondent, returning to the place the next day, could only find in the dust a faint trace of their path where a slight network of threads had been left. The caterpillars were about the size of those which English children call "woolly bears."

Of course, all warm lands know these processions of caterpillars from the place where they have been hatched out to the place where they will dig themselves in and weave their cocoons in the dust till they die from what they were and emerge a glorious creature to start life in the air and find a suitable place for the laying of their own eggs.

We give our Australian reader's description as it shows how the same circles of life, with the same habits, ring the world around.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

What is a Seven-Coloured Linnet?

This is a popular name for a goldfinch. Is Berwick-on-Tweed in England or Scotland?

In England, in the County of Northumberland.

Why Do They Say Tenterden Steeple Caused the Formation of Goodwin Sands?

Because it was said the funds for maintaining the sea wall in Henry VI's time were taken to pay for the building of the steeple.

What is the Origin of the Phrase Hobson's Choice?

Tobias Hobson was a jobmaster in Cambridge who would not let customers select any horse in his stables, but compelled them to take the next animal in rotation.

What Do the Letters K.G. Mean on the New Coinage?

These letters tucked away among the foliage on the new sixpence stand for Krugers Gray, the designer. The letters B.M. below the King's neck on the new shilling and half-crown stand for Sir Bertram Mackennal, the designer of that side of the coin.

Is the Tomato a Fruit or Vegetable?

The tomato is the fruit of *Lycopersicon esculentum*, a tropical plant; that is, it is the plant's seeds with their fleshy envelope. It is a vegetable in the sense that any plant, an oak, dandelion, and so on, is a vegetable. The use of the word vegetable for a plant cultivated for food and used in a savoury way has no definite or scientific meaning.

TWO WORLDS MERCURY AND THE MOON

Remarkable Spectacle in the Evening Sky

PLANET THAT IS GROWING BRIGHTER

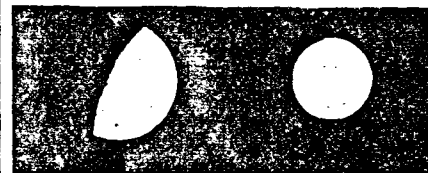
By the C.N. Astronomer

On Saturday, May 19, there will be a total eclipse of the Sun by the Moon.

It will only be visible, as such, about a thousand miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, in that wide stretch of watery wastes where the Atlantic and Indian Oceans meet. However, the Moon will be seen partly to cover the Sun from over the greater part of Africa south of the Equator, but from nowhere in Europe.

It will, nevertheless, be interesting to know that between one and two o'clock on Saturday she will be passing just below the Sun; but, owing to the Sun's radiance and the fact that the Moon in that position is reflecting no light toward us, she is, of course, invisible.

The planet Mercury is now becoming favourably placed for observation in the evening. Low in the sky, and between



The Moon compared with Mercury, showing Mercury (left) as he is now

the west and north-west, his golden orb may be found an hour after sunset, about 9 o'clock. As Mercury does not set until nearly 11 o'clock, there is plenty of time to find this elusive little world. Between 9 and 10 o'clock is the best time to look; after then Mercury will be too low down and is likely to be imperceptible in the haze that is usually near the horizon.

For nearly three weeks he will be within easy reach of naked-eye vision, shining like a first-magnitude star; and, as there are no other stars bright enough to be visible in the twilight sky in that neighbourhood, he should be quite easily identified.

The two bright stars Castor and Pollux of Gemini are, for the present, prominent in the north-west sky. They are about eight times the Moon's apparent width apart, and should be readily identified. Now, if an imaginary line be drawn from either of these stars down to the place where the Sun has previously set this line will pass close to Mercury. Field-glasses will help greatly in the search.

Where to Find Mercury

On Sunday evening, May 20, the very slender crescent of the Moon may be seen close to Mercury; our satellite will probably be only just perceptible low down near the horizon between 9.30 and, say, 10.15 (the best time to look, for the Moon sets at 10.28); then Mercury will be above the Moon, a little to the right and nearly three times the Moon's apparent width away.

If the sky is clear this will be a remarkable and interesting spectacle, besides being a very good opportunity for finding Mercury, for the next three weeks provide the best chance that we shall have this year for seeing this planet in the evening. He is now rapidly approaching the Earth, getting brighter every day and apparently larger. If Mercury were as close to us as the Moon he would appear nearly half as wide again and at present gibbous in shape, as shown in the picture.

Mercury is now about 90 million miles away, but in three weeks' time he will be 60 million miles from us, and appear nearly twice as big, gradually getting more into the crescent phase. G. F. M.

MOROCCO HOUSE

A Great Adventure
of Long Ago

Told by
Mary Carruthers

What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of what has happened before appeared in last week's issue.

CHAPTER 13 The Last Hope

SEA and sky were vying with each other in shades of gentian blue and sapphire when the galley of the premier herald of France, Sanson le Page, drove boldly and alone into the harbour of Algiers, refusing in her pride to dip her flag to the crescent pennon of the strong fleet of Ottoman galleys which lay there already.

With gloomy faces the Turks gathered round the quay as the French ship dropped anchor and rode at her moorings. The affront to their flag in their own waters they had to pocket for once in a way, as Sanson le Page was on a political mission, but they took good care to enforce the other harbour rule of Algiers. Quickly they swarmed over the infidels' bulwarks and removed both the rudder and the oars.

From the galley there descended, not the heraldic majesty of France, but the tall figures of three priests dressed in wide flapping hats, with white cape and robe, and a blue and red cross on their breasts; they carried with them a small treasure chest and a box full of documents.

It was Pierre Dan and his two companions, Fathers of the Holy Order of the Redemption of Captives, who had seized the opportunity of Le Page's mission to follow their devoted calling.

Algiers at that time had twenty-five thousand Christian shore slaves, and the good Fathers hoped to buy the freedom of some, to barter for the exchange of Turkish prisoners for others, and to bring the consolation of the Faith to all.

It was no wonder that they were greeted almost as a vision of angels by the slaves swarming the crowded streets, carrying heavy burdens, working in chains under the lash of their taskmasters. Upon their knees they dropped, with tears of joy they received Father Dan.

Meanwhile Sanson le Page had disembarked with a great flourish of trumpets; the band of Eastern musicians burst into wild, barbaric strains. The Aga of the Janissaries, followed by the new Basha, dressed in twisted turbans and long, blue frogged coats, and mounted on white barbs, met the newcomers and gave them an Oriental welcome. They were well lodged. Father Dan was given access to the shore slaves, the Basha sent rich gifts to Le Page, and he, in return, sent presents. Banquets were given in their honour.

But for all that, then as now, the Turks were too wily for their enemies; no business was done. The envoy gained no advantage. Father Dan's gold bought but few prisoners, and not the coveted Knights of Malta, clanking their chains in their underground dungeon.

After three months' putting off the whole mission lost patience, and determined to set sail suddenly and secretly.

As the party was making its way at night over the sand dunes the rear guard called out that a man was following them.

"Go thou and see who it is, my son," said Father Dan, "for we can tarry for no one."

The youth galloped back with the message that it was Hassan, the physician whom the Basha of Rabat had lent to their Basha, who said he was a Christian slave and desired either to be taken aboard the French galley or to send a message by the Fathers.

"Is it likely we should wait for a spy and an ambush?" said Le Page. "I remember the fellow; he stood behind the Basha's divan

at the last feast, tasting his food, as dark as an Arab and speaking their language like a native."

With that the mission departed with such haste that they never waited for a fair wind, and were blown about from port to port by untowardly breezes, till at last, after many adventures, they reached Marseilles.

But as for the luckless Alexander Grey, his one chance of sending home word that he still lived was gone.

CHAPTER 14 In the Moor's Dungeon

IN the huge, dreary vault of Sallee's underground dungeon Robert Finlay, a Scots mariner, lay one day on a heap of dirty straw sick of a low fever, starving, thirsting, lamenting a thousand times the evil chance that had caused him to fall a prey to the corsairs.

He should rather have blamed his own foolishness for his woe (for life has a way of hurting a man just as sorely for a stupidity as a fault), for the manner of his capture was this.

When his vessel was attacked by the Sallee Rovers a shot from one of the pirate's galleys carried away her main sail, and Finlay, up in the rigging at that moment, fell into the sea.

He had never known he could swim before, but he swam then for dear life, thrashing and paddling through the water, as a dog does. Only, in his fear and fluster he did not turn back to his own ship close at hand, over whose bulwarks his brother had thrown a rope to him. He made for the nearest small enemy craft instead, and boarded it. The Moors seized him; they stripped him of everything, from the money sewn up in his clothes to the clothes themselves.

Dressed in rags and tatters of their own they set him to ply the oar. When they got to port, and he fell sick with the foul drinking-water, they thrust him into Sallee dungeon. He had no money, no friends to buy him food, no fellow-prisoners of his own nationality even. It was no wonder he lay there void of hope, turning his face to the wall, and suffering dumbly, as an animal does.

Cool, strong fingers closed over the sick man's outflung arm, slid down to the wrist, feeling for the pulse. The prisoner turned with a start to see in the dim light the tall figure of a Moor kneeling by his side, producing phials of physic from the folds of his white robe.

"Away with thee, thou follower of false Mahound!" said the prisoner, drawing sullenly away. "I take no drugs from heathen hands."

"Fool, do ye no ken a fellow-countryman when you see one?" returned Grey, speaking in the seamen's own broad vernacular, "and a captive like your ainself."

"Who would have thought to find a kindly Scot in this vile den?" exclaimed Finlay, then sinking on the note of suspicion again. "But you do not bear yourself like a prisoner, and your garb is not that of a Christian."

"I wear the only clothes I can get here," returned Grey. "All my own went down with my ship two years ago. Since then I have lived in Morocco, a captive, but in favour with the Basha of Rabat. I saved his son at sea, and he respects my calling. I have eased his gout more than any of his dusky physicians—sunk as they are in ignorance. Not but what I have learned something from them, too," he added. "Drink this cordial, man, and take heart."

"What was the name of your ship?" asked Finlay, after he had gulped down the dose. "And were any saved but yourself?"

"I was the sole survivor," Grey replied, "and the name of the vessel was the Golden Fleece."

"The Golden Fleece!" repeated Finlay, brightening up. "Well I remember the tale of her loss. The captain sank her sooner than surrender. A sore loss to her owner, the rich wool merchant, Bailie Smith, at the time. But all that little man puts his hand to turns to gold. Look at the stroke of luck that has befallen him since."

"How should I know, exiled here?" asked Grey, a sudden evil foreboding sharpening his tone. "What is this good fortune?"

"Why, his fair young daughter is to be wedded, so they say, to old Rentoul, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh," said Finlay. "A golden marriage surely, seeing that he has the fortunes of his two late wives as well as his own, and never a chick nor child to share it."

The little glass with which Grey was measuring medicine dropped from his fingers and splintered on the ground.

For a space he caught his breath, but his iron reserve prevailed. Impassive as his captors, he addressed himself to the business on hand.

Once more he knelt down by the sick man, muttering "My Moorish patients pay me well. I have arranged your escape. Eat the food and drink the milk which I leave now ready to your hand. More will be brought to you twice daily by a slave. You must take the physic, too, bitter though it be, and in a week's time you should be healed. You will then be taken to be a slave of the oar. But fear nothing, I have bribed the captain of the galley and the boatswains, and they will let you escape near a Christian port. Here is money for your needs after that. Hide it carefully."

"Blessings be on your head!" gasped Finlay. "But you are escaping with me, too?"

"Why should I?" asked Alexander fiercely. "I have found more mercy and faith in the land of the Moor than ever I did in Scotland."

"Well, tell me your name then," urged the other, "that I may take news of you to your friends and kinsfolk. Haply they would wish to hold you to ransom."

"You may know me by the name men call me here, Hassan. My old name is hateful to me; never again do I want to hear it," Grey replied, the pent-up bitterness beginning to find some small exit. "I have no friends in Scotland, and as for kinsfolk, foul fall them, every mother's son; not one of them would pay a groat to bring me home. Fare you well, Robert Finlay; may you find your country deals better with you than it has done with me."

A decent lad he seemed though a dour one," muttered the seaman to himself as he watched Grey's

tall figure ascending the steep clay path which served the dungeon in the place of stairs. "What in the world did I do or say to drive him away in such a fury?"

There was a clashing of keys and the grinding of locks as the Basha's favourite was let out of the dungeon.

In the glare of the narrow, jostling streets Alexander walked with a great blackness in his heart. Lilius and her father had failed him, had shown themselves base, unworthy; they never could have been the people he had imagined them to be. His faith in his own kind and the workings of heaven was shattered.

"What did they need with gold? They had enough already," he told himself. To think that that fair child whom he had loved, and her father whom he had revered, were both tainted with his stepbrother's ugly crave for amassing fortune. For what else could such a marriage be?

"I could have forgiven her if she had forgotten me for a man nearer her own age," said he. "Two years are long, and she is but a young thing. But, young or no, she will not have been forced into it by the bailie; what she did will have been of her own free will. Meek as she looked, though she let Egidia rule over her, she could guide her father with one of her little fingers, and twist me round the other."

By this time he had reached the shore of the river. Blue as a streak of lapis lazuli, the Bu Regreg flowed in the sun, between its fringe of palms, with the sedges on its sand bar bowing golden green in the wind. Rabat lay on the other side, with its rose-coloured bell tower arising among white houses, mosques, minarets, and the soft yellow pile of the Medersa—the enclosed gardens of the Sultan's queen.

With unseeing eyes Alexander regarded the glowing scene. From his bosom he took out a bunch of dry herbs, crumbled them between his fingers and threw them into the water. Better the scent of the orange-flower than of withered rosemary.

Suleyman, whose light skiff was tied up to the sea-wall, laid down the gimbril, the long, two-stringed lute which he had been playing to while away the hour of waiting, unmoored his boat and rowed toward the flight of steps where Grey was standing.

At the sight of his coming despair relaxed its clutch on the exile's heart. In this savage country he was not alone, he still had Suleyman, who had set his heart on the proud prisoner in an unswerving friendship, which was a strange mixture of humble affection and the haughty Moorish chieftain's delight in a brave man.

As Suleyman pulled out into mid-stream his broad black eyes dwelled on his companion's face and divined the trouble that brooded there.

"Brother, did thy captive countryman bring thee ill news of thy friends?" he demanded.

"He could not have brought worse. If he had said they were dead it would have been better," Grey replied between his teeth. "Talk of Scotland to me no more. When next I ride through my native town it will be sword in my hand, to take vengeance on the base merchants who rule it and to despoil them of what to them is dear almost as life—their money."

Suleyman, once you asked me to pledge myself never to leave Morocco. Here is my promise now to you, who are better to me than the brother of my own blood. Your people, your land, and your faith shall be mine. By my part of Paradise—nay, by the beard of your own Prophet—I swear it."

"Now praise be to Allah!" exclaimed Suleyman. "May he prolong thy days with us!"

"No, a short span of life, and a merry one for me!" cried the other. "No more poring over parchments, no more hanging over sick men's beds. The corsair's wild, bold life for me! I shall sail with the Sallee Rovers and prey on the Christendom that has cast me out!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

When Michael Came

I HAD been rather out of sorts for some time, so one day Master took me round to the doctor (Vet he calls him) to see if he could find out what was the matter.

The Vet is a nice man with a big voice and a cheerful manner.

He understands dogs very well, and though he is kind they know that he means what he says, and he makes them obey without a lot of shouting.

That's like Master. He has a whip, but he doesn't use it very often, though I know what it feels like when I have been doing something wrong.

Well, the Vet had a good look at me and said he thought I needed more exercise.

"That's just the difficulty," said Master. "I'm out all day, and the dog is a bit lonely."

"I know what would be famous company for him," said the Vet, "and give him plenty of exercise as well. Could you do with a kitten? I have a nice little chap that wants a good home; six weeks old and as sharp as a needle. Will you try him?"

So that was how Michael came to live with us.

He was a little ball of fur with very bright eyes peeping out, and paws that gave me the surprise of my life when we were introduced.

I know lots of cats by sight, though they bolt when I chase them out of the garden; but Michael didn't. He just stood up on his hind-legs and gave me a dab with a paw with sharp claws in it. I tell you it did hurt. But, of course, no decent dog will hurt a baby, not even a baby cat, so I didn't hit back. Master gave me a pat, and said, "Good dog!" and I determined to make the best of it. After all, it was our kitten and not a stranger, and we soon became good chums.

At first I wanted to drink the milk put down for Michael; but I soon learned to wait till he had finished; besides, there is always my own plate. Sometimes Michael wants a share, and then my appetite is remarkably good.

But we are good friends all the same, and you would never believe what fine games we have.

I lie waiting, and then Michael makes a spring at my muzzle. Then I bowl him over; but he fights with his hind paws as well, so I back out and attack him from behind. He turns like a flash, and the fun begins again till we are both tired out.

Then we go to sleep with one eye open, good friends all the time. Michael has learned now not to bite or scratch seriously, and when he puts his paw in my mouth I don't bite it off, as I could quite easily.

He is getting a big cat now, but not big enough to fight strange cats; so when he wanders round the garden, where there are tortoises and other queer things to play with, I keep an eye on our neighbour's cats. For Michael and I are good chums, and I like to see fair play.

THE TYRANNY OF THE TIDES

As we sit on the beach watching the tide little do we realise the enormous part the tides have played in our existence. In My Magazine for June, now on sale everywhere, a scientist discusses this entertaining subject. Here are some of the other articles in this splendid issue.

The Jungle Calling
Sounds That May Come to Our Fireside

One of the World's Best Women
One of the World's Worst Men

Three Nations Ten Years Free
Life on the Shores of the Baltic

Man's Destiny
Earth's Youngest Child

Insects That Fight For Britain
A Queer Expeditionary Force

There are many other articles on a variety of subjects, and pages of poems, rhymes, and stories, while the whole magazine is wonderfully illustrated, with many pictures in colours. Ask for the best shilling's worth on the bookstalls.

Say
MY MAGAZINE
Edited by Arthur Mee

May 19, 1928

The Children's Newspaper

11



Summer Is Coming—the Bees Will Be Humming



THE BRAN TUB

A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which when placed one under the other will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters.

Part of a watch. A state of U.S.A. The same transposed. The home of a wild beast. *Answer next week*

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Badger

The Badger, a relation of the weasel and otter, is common in Europe and Central Asia, living often in woods in marvellously-engineered burrows. Small animals, eggs, roots, fruits, and honey form its food. Its coat is greyish-brown, the head being white with a black stripe on either side. Unlike many animals, the Badger walks on the sole instead of the forepart of the foot. It is a fine swimmer.

Ici On Parle Français



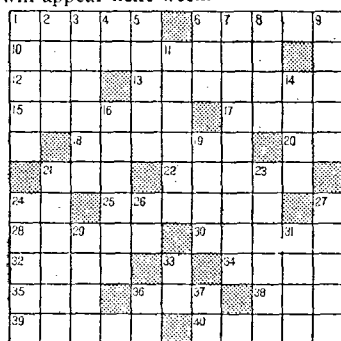
La brande est couverte de bruyère. Le héraut sonnera de la trompette. Cette haie est vraiment bien taillée.

A Hidden People

IN the shower but not in the rain, In the varnish and also in stain, In the wicket but not in the bail, In the rigging and also in sail, In the timber but not in the wood, In the cover and also in hood, In the seventh but not in the fourth, Whole, I'm a people that live in the North. *Answer next week*

Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 45 words or abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. Musical instrument. 6. A South African antelope. 10. Affectionate. 12. Devoured. 13. The art of tanning. 15. Trimmed. 17. Poems. 18. An ancient Irish prince. 20. Veterinary surgeon (abbrev.). 21. Compass point (abbrev.). 22. Two-toed sloths. 24. Preposition. 25. Acknowledges. 28. A lifting apparatus. 30. What all the world needs. 32. Bones springing from the vertebral column. 34. To bite suddenly. 35. To add to. 36. A leguminous plant. 38. Commander of the Royal Victorian Order (abbrev.). 39. Small granite blocks. 40. Fragrant.

Reading Down. 1. Rings out. 2. Preposition expressing motion toward the inside of anything. 3. Fully skilled people. 4. Compass point (abbrev.). 5. Pertaining to oats. 6. Relationship. 7. Makes remarks on by notes. 8. Old. 9. A bottomless gulf. 11. An intensely radio-active element. 14. Revolutions (abbrev.). 16. War songs. 19. To clip. 21. To hit. 23. Interest paid for the loan of money. 24. Land measures. 26. French for of the. 27. A depository. 29. To encourage. 31. A subterranean cavern. 33. You and me. 36. Postscript (abbrev.). 37. Anglo-Saxon (abbrev.).

Other Worlds Next Week



IN the morning Mars may be seen in the East. Saturn is in the South-East about midnight. The picture shows the Moon as seen looking South at 9 p.m. on May 23.

The Floating Matches

TAKE a basin of water and on the surface arrange a number of matches in the form of a star, with a little space between the matches at the centre.

By a simple process we can, without touching them, make the matches run away and then come together again. To make them run away we take a small piece of soap, sharpen it to a point, and touch the water in the centre of the star. Immediately the matches float away to the side of the basin.

Now, to bring them together again we dip a piece of sugar in the water at the middle of the bowl, and at once the matches move toward the centre.

When the soap became dissolved, the elasticity of the centre of the very thin skin, or membrane, which covers a liquid like water was lessened, and the matches travelled with the skin away to the side of the basin. But when the sugar was placed in the water the liquid which it absorbed caused a current toward the centre, carrying the matches with it.

Things Just Patented

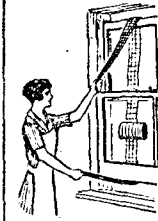
We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

A Wristlet Handkerchief Holder. In these days of no pockets this little arrangement is likely to be very popular among ladies.

It consists of two metal portions hinged together, which are held in the closed position by a strong spring, the whole being carried on a wristlet strap. The handkerchief is held firmly between the two portions, as shown in the picture, and is easily removed as required by lifting the top portion.

A Curious Window Cleaner. Here is a simple yet efficient apparatus which enables the outside of windows to be cleaned from inside the house.

Fixed on a long band of webbing is a hollow cylinder of oval section and attached to this cylinder by means of rubber bands is the cleaning pad. So by pulling the ends of the webbing at the top and bottom of the window, as seen here, the outside may be cleaned quite easily from inside. The webbing passes through two slots in the cylinder.



Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE house-martin is building its nest. The sedge-warbler and whinchat are laying their eggs. The great titmouse stops its song. The greasy fritillary, small-heath, grizzled skipper, and brown argus butterflies appear. The heath moth is seen. HIVE bees swarm. The sailor beetle and golden-green dragon-fly appear. The cross-green, soft brome-grass, raspberry, white clover, wild mignonette, white campion, herb bennet, gromwell, birds'-foot trefoil, mouse-ear, hawkweed, butterwort, bistort, dewberry, early purple orchis, and guelder rose are in blossom.

Is Your Name Winter?

SOMETIMES this surname is derived from the season of the year, an ancestor of the Winters having been given this name possibly because he was born in or arrived at the place where he settled in Winter. But in other cases the Winter is just a changed spelling of Vinter, and suggests that the ancestor of the Winters was a vintner or wine-seller.

Jacko Laughs at Locksmiths

JACKO came down to breakfast in a great state of excitement. It was a really beautiful day, and the first cricket match of the season was to take place that afternoon.

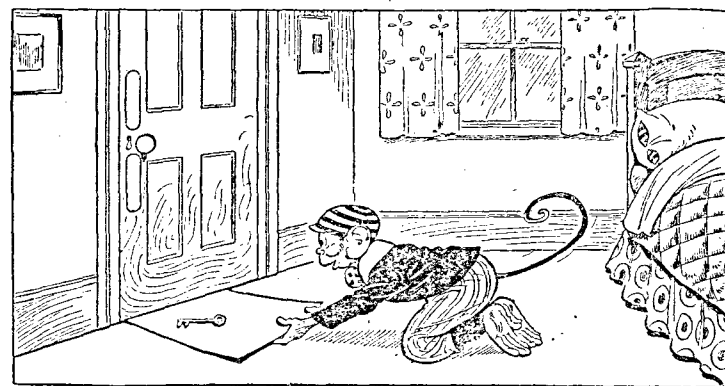
But two o'clock seemed a long way off, and Jacko felt the afternoon would never come. "I really don't know how I shall get through the morning," he said, looking at the clock.

"It will seem a long time if you won't settle to anything," said his mother. "Find something to do."

"Yes, clean my bicycle for me," chimed in Adolphus.

But Jacko had no intention of doing anything useful, even if it did make the morning go quickly. He soon made himself scarce, and for some time nothing more was heard of him.

"I wonder where Jacko is," said his mother, as she put lunch on the table. "He has been as quiet as a mouse all day."



He pulled the paper back under the door

But just at that moment Jacko came clattering down the stairs. He had had a very happy morning, he said, and the time had gone like wildfire.

"I hope you haven't been up to mischief," exclaimed Mrs. Jacko in alarm. "Whatever have you got on your clothes?"

"Oh, a bit of paint, that's all," said Jacko with a grin. "Come on, Mater; I'm so hungry I could eat an ox."

But Mrs. Jacko was on the stairs; she feared the worst.

And she wasn't disappointed. A terrible sight met her eye as she went in the bathroom; Jacko had been painting the bath!

The whole place was in a shocking mess; the bath looked like a jigsaw puzzle. Mrs. Jacko gave it one despairing look and then fetched Father.

Father Jacko had a good deal to say, and he had no hesitation in saying it. There was a fearful row. In the end Jacko found himself locked in his room.

"Perhaps that will make you mend your ways," said his father grimly. "A caning seems to make no impression on you."

Jacko would much rather have had a caning. He was furious at missing the cricket match, and he prowled round the room seeking for a way out.

"I must get out somehow," he muttered. But the window was much too high above the ground. He sat down and thought deeply. "I've got it!" he cried at last. And he tiptoed to the door and listened.

Nobody was about. Jacko quickly slipped a sheet of paper under the door; then he took out his penknife and pushed it through the keyhole.

There was a thud as the key fell out the other side—as Jacko expected, on the sheet of paper. Then he pulled the paper back under the door *with the key on it!* The next moment there was a click, then the door slowly opened and shut again.

When Mrs. Jacko came up a few hours later the bird had flown.

Jumbled Towns

WHEN the letters of these jumbled words have been placed in their proper order they will spell the names of eighteen European towns.

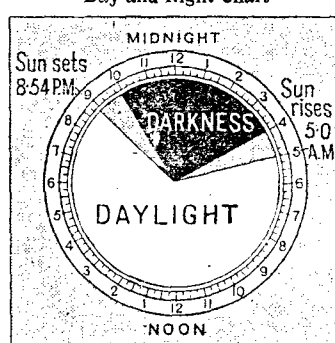
PIERVOLOL RESTMADMA
ANNEIV DRICGEAMB
FIRFDAC BLEFTSA
SEDDERN RIGNIBHAMM
SREACHMENT SIRBLOT
ROLEFCEN NBEILR
SURLBESS PENTWAR
SOWMCO GREINDUHB
MERASESILL DRAIDM

Answers next week

How the Eiffel Tower Got Its Name

THE famous iron tower in Paris, 985 feet high, was designed by the French engineer Gustave Eiffel, after whom it was named. It contains 7000 tons of iron, and cost about £200,000. It was finished in 1889.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The times are Summer Time. The daylight grows longer each day.

DI MERRYMAN

Caught Bending

TOMMY (who has dropped a bag of eggs and fallen on them): Are they broken?

Father (reaching for the cane): Oh, no. A bit bent, perhaps.

A Musical Nuisance



"WHAT'S that row on our roof?" (inquired Snorum, annoyed) What's that shindy of sharps and of flats?"

"It's a Grasshopper's Concert (said Snip), and to me it sounds worse than a chorus of cats!"

The Deaf Ear

BORE, who has been talking for some time to great man who made no reply: Perhaps I am inconveniencing you; these trivialities prevent your thinking of more serious things?

Great Man: No. Pray continue. I am not listening.

What the Wind Is

WHAT is wind, Karl?

Wind, teacher, is air in a hurry.

The Mane Point

AN old Lion was heard to complain of a tiresome rheumatism pain. But a Lynx cheered him thus: You've no reason to fuss, For you're looking quite well in the mane!

For the Poor

A LADY was making a collection in a Paris church. She held out the bag to a rich man, who said rudely, "I have nothing." "Then take something, sir," replied the lady. "I am collecting for the poor."

WHAT are bric-a-brac? Things one must not play bricks with for fear they should break.

Off to Time

THE unfortunate traveller arrived on the platform, panting and purple in the face, as the train snorted merrily out of the station.

"Were you trying to catch that train, sir?" asked the stationmaster.

"Oh, no," snapped the traveller, as soon as he could get his breath. "I was only anxious to see that you got it off to time."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Jumbled Geography

Carnarvon
Harrowgate
Inda W
Llanberis
Dunlop
Rumana
Eastrop
Newcastle
Superior
What Am I?
Mouse-trap
Changeling
Swim, slim,
slit, slot, blot,
boot, boat.

Picture Puzzle

Gate, mill, Lamp, card, dial—gaillardia.

Word Diamond

Beheaded Word
Wheat, heat, eat.
F
PIE
FIRST
ESK
T

Missing Consonants

Bagatelle, ingot, declension, indiscreet, demonstrate, kingfisher, nutriment, pseudonym, microscope, marmalade, congregate, apparel (unfortunately a dot was given in place of the second vowel in this word last week), crusade, facsimile.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

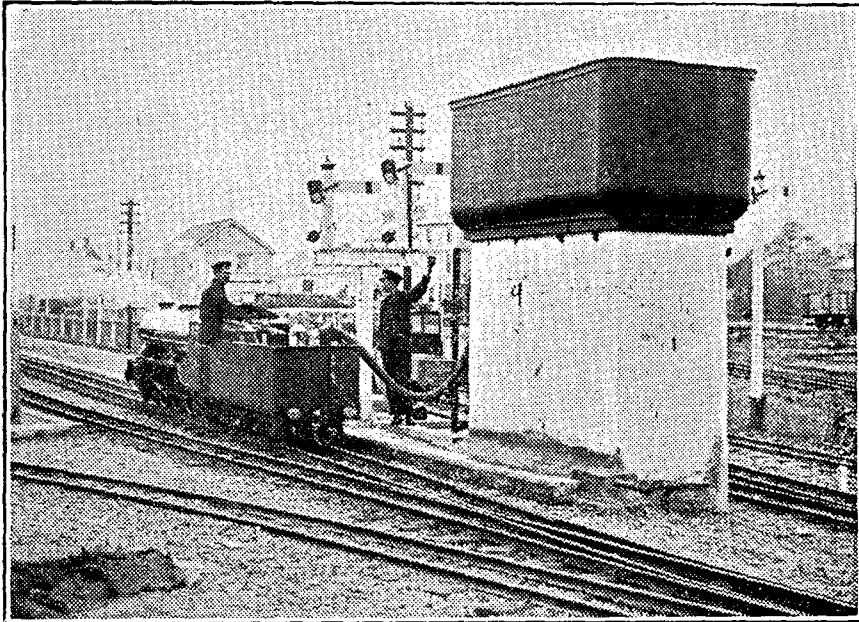
CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

May 19, 1928

Every Thursday, 2d.

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ENGLAND'S SMALLEST RAILWAY · CYCLING TO MECCA · RUINS OF CORINTH



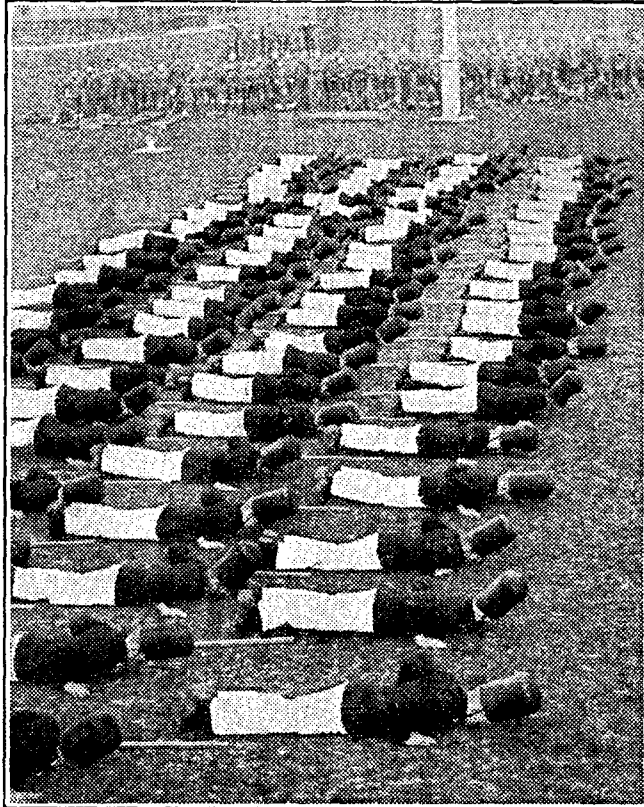
England's Smallest Railway—The engines of the Romney, Hythe, and Dymchurch Railway, which is being extended to Dungeness, are perfect reproductions of famous engines, and passengers may ride in little Pullman cars. Here an engine is taking in water.



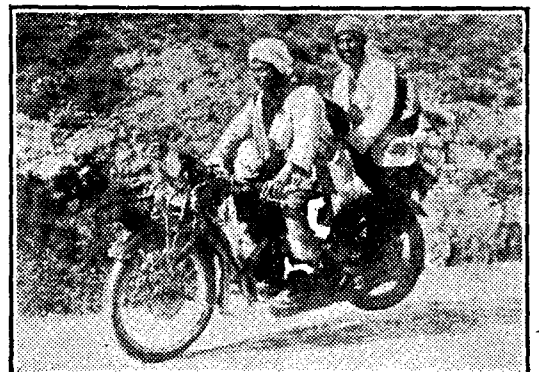
Girls Life Brigade Band—We are familiar with the bands of Boy Scouts, but a girls' band is rather a novelty. These merry little bandswomen of the Girls Life Brigade appeared to be enjoying their experience as they marched through Putney with drums and fifes playing.



Young Artist's Success—Joan Manning-Sanders, who is only fourteen, has had a picture accepted for the Royal Academy. Here she is seen painting her own portrait.



A Fallen Army—The boys of the Duke of York's Royal Military School at Dover are to take part in the Royal Tournament in London next week, dressed as toy soldiers. Here we see them rehearsing.



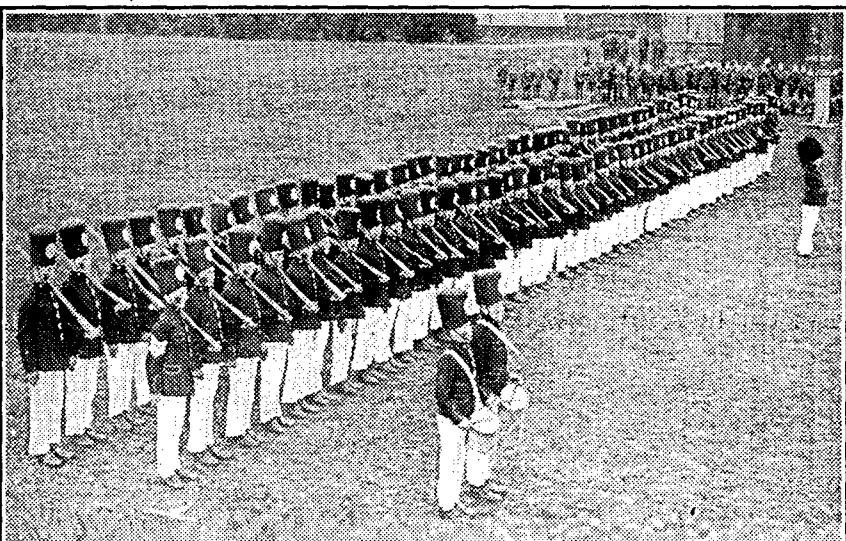
Motor-Cycling to Mecca—A pilgrimage to Mecca is the aim of all devout Mohammedans. These Indian pilgrims consider motor-cycling the best way of getting there.



A Penguin Island—Dassen Island off Cape Colony is seldom visited by human beings except when they go in search of penguin's eggs, as this African native is doing.



In Life's Springtime—Spring is the time of new life. These lambs and chickens, recent arrivals at a farm near Darlington, have already become very friendly.



Toy Soldiers on Parade—This picture of the boys of the Duke of York's Royal Military School shows them to be as smart on parade as a regiment of Guards.



The Ruins of Corinth—A very vivid idea of the tremendous damage done to Corinth by the recent earthquake is to be had from this picture of one of the main streets.

THE CAVE MAN'S IDEA OF RULING EUROPE—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE

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